The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1898.

The Week.

The President's announcement that he is going to establish "the open-door" policy in the Philippines when he gets possession of them, raises the very question which Daniel Webster raised with much vociferousness after the Mexican war—the right of the President to legislate, *ad interim*, for conquered territories. President McKinley has established a system of indirect taxation for both Cuba and Porto Rico, but different for each, and has applied our navigation laws to Porto Rico, which is, of course, legislation of the most important kind, and declares his intention to abolish our protective system, at one stroke, in the Philippines, all without the authority of Congress. Of course no such functions as establishing systems of taxation for large extents of territory were ever dreamed of for him by the framers of the government. We believe that none of the numerous commentaries on the Constitution contain any suggestions or directions how such functions are to be exercised. No one in the Mexican discussion claimed the President's right to exercise such powers, except in the short interval which usually elapses between the surrender of an enemy and the evacuation of his territory by our troops. The plan of holding conquered territory, as conquered territory, for an indefinite period, had not been thought possible in America, but it is here now; it is actually at work. The powers of legislation which we never expected would go beyond the general order of an army in the field, are now becoming those of the President in time of peace ruling a conquered population.

There is no knowing how long our military occupation of these islands will last. It may be for years and it may be for ever. The disposition now so widespread "to leave the whole matter of subject-races in the President's hands" may take hold of Congress, and Congress may, with its usual reluctance to deal with great questions, refuse to provide a scheme of government for our conquests which will put any limits to the President's powers, and we may get used to seeing him govern arbitrarily—that is, militarily—10,000,000 or 12,000,000 of men, with no public opinion to control or supervise him. In fact, the process whereby the kind of watchfulness or suspicion by which alone republics have ever been sustained, gradually diminishes into complete indifference, has already set in, and instructors in political science in our colleges have opportunities for illustrating the destruction of democratic institutions in Greece and Italy such as professors have never had in the modern world. Modern history furnishes many examples of the destruction of popular institutions by violence, such as Cromwell's expulsion of the Long Parliament or Napoleon's Eighteenth Brumaire, but the slow dry-rot which prepares communities for the loss of liberty, merely through weariness or through drunkenness with foreign conquest, which preceded Sulla or Augustus, and which made the Roman people, high and low, ready under Tiberius, to use Tacitus's phrase, to "rush into servitude," is less easy to get hold of; its phenomena are separately so small and apparently insignificant. One such phenomenon is the production on Tuesday morning, in a newspaper edited by an officer of the Government, of the example of the Greeks and Romans as expansionists as a good one for us to follow. The rôle of "diffusers of the blessings of civilization" has evidently more attraction for many minds already than that of citizens of a free republic.

The eulogy pronounced by Gen. Woodford on President McKinley at the Chamber of Commerce dinner last week ought to be rewarded by some good office at an early date. We cannot help contrasting some parts of it, however, with Gen. Woodford's speech at Boston the other day. On November 15 he said that the President resisted the war until it was forced upon him, and then, when it could be no longer resisted, he struck a powerful and crushing blow, etc. At Boston he narrated some facts which make a queer setting to the jewels of his speech before the Chamber of Commerce. He said there that the instructions he received as Minister to Spain were to secure "justice to the suffering people of Cuba, to insist upon protection to the great American and commercial interests of the United States in Cuba, and to see these ends so long as it was possible by ways of peace, and, if possible, to avoid and avert war." He said directly to the Spanish Government that, in the judgment of the President, permanent, assured peace could come in Cuba only by the withdrawal of Spanish authority from that island. Then he gave a sketch of the successive steps taken by the Spanish Government in compliance with our wishes, including the withdrawal of Gen. Weyler and the proclamation of a system of autonomy for the island. Then he added that negotiations were progressing so favorably that it was his "deliberate belief that, had the *Maine* not been blown up in the harbor of Havana, and had not that singular and undiplomatic letter of Señor de Lome been discovered, *before the close of the summer of 1898 the Spanish flag would have left the island of Cuba without the firing of a shot or the loss of a life.*"

Now what was the necessity that forced Mr. McKinley into a war on the 23d of April? It happened that at the very same Boston dinner where Gen. Woodford let his cat out of the bag, Congressman Boutelle of Maine let out another one. He said that forty or fifty Republican members of Congress began to threaten to turn upon their own Administration if it did not go to war. They held a caucus and sent a committee to the President to tell him what to do. "I said to the President," continued Mr. Boutelle, "that I hoped he would not permit any man from Congress to hold a stop-watch upon him while he was engaged in determining when and what he would send to Congress as a message." The criticism upon the President, both then and now, is not that he is a man of bad purposes, but that he is man of no purpose. Perhaps that is what ails Gen Woodford also.

While stragglers like Secretary Gage and Seth Low are trying to "catch up with the procession" which marches to the conquest of the Philippines, the leaders execute a double-quick movement that will make the university presidents and business men "puff" if they are not to "get left." The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, chief organ of Senator Quay, while warmly endorsing Secretary Gage's change of base, says, in such type as we reproduce:

> "We even go further than the Philippines, and we declare without reservation that THE PROPER THING TO DO IS TO TAKE CUBA AS WELL."

In support of this position the *Inquirer* urges that "Cuba is not in a satisfactory condition"; that "without the aid of the United States, Cuba never can work out for herself a republican form of government"; that "even with the aid of the United States it is doubtful if she can succeed"; that "the island would be very much better off under the government of this country," as "there would be no more revolutions, and while Cuban citizens of merit could hold all the local offices under a Governor appointed by the President of the United States, thus satisfying the Cuban patriots, annexation would bring freedom and prosperity"; and that "we shall give the Cubans the same independence that we enjoy here, and we shall give them also enlightenment and prosperity."

"If we are to have an expansion poli-

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cy, and it must take the form of annexation and territorial government, how can the party which has always favored protection to American labor ever again look a workingman in the face?" These words are taken from the report submitted by the officers of the Boston Home Market Club to the general meeting of the club a few days since. Millions of pauper laborers are to be introduced into this boasted land of high wages and civilized workingmen if the expansion policy is carried into effect. Does anybody think that they can be kept out of Massachusetts after they become American citizens? The Home Market Club says emphatically no. "They can come into any of the United States to engage in any of our industries, and if Gov. Tanner of Illinois commands his military to prevent them, it will be the duty of the President to overcome his forces by those of the United States," the report continues. So it will be, and how long will it be possible to maintain a government at war with its own principles and its own Constitution (as is the case in Illinois and North Carolina to-day), without falling into ruin altogether? The report of the Home Market Club ought to have a wide circulation among the labor-unions.

An Anti-Imperialist League has been started at Boston under the presidency of George S. Boutwell, whose object is to bring together the united efforts of men of repute throughout the country to resist what is commonly called imperialism, or the annexation of territory not contiguous to the United States. The League intends to carry on an active propaganda, showing

"(1.) The moral iniquity of converting a war for humanity into a war of conquest.

"(2.) The physical degeneration, the corruption of the blood, and all the evils of militarism which will ensue if the troops are to be kept in the Philippines and elsewhere longer than absolutely necessary to enable a government to be established which will protect life and property.

"(3.) The political evils and the necessity of preserving the Union upon the principles of its framers.

"(4.) The clear necessity of large increase of taxes for the support of armies and navies, with a great probability that voluntary enlistment will have to be supplemented by drafts."

A central office will be established at Washington, where names will be enrolled without liability to assessment. Andrew Carnegie has contributed $1,000 toward the expenses of the League. We heartily commend this organization, and urge those who approve of its aims to send their own names and procure others to Erving Winslow, the League's Secretary at Washington.

The Government Printing-Office has just issued a "Memorandum on the Mineral Resources of the Philippine Islands." This was prepared by Mr. G. F. Becker of the Geological Survey, who was sent out with one of the earliest expeditions to Manila. At that time, we know, for he himself has told us so, that the President had no idea of annexing the Philippines. Still it was just as well to find out if they were worth annexing. It would give a most useful nudge to Destiny to be up and doing, if she could be shown a fine line of mineral deposits in the Philippines. So Mr. Becker was sent along casually, and has now made his report. It is a cold scientific document, based on previous publications and especially on the data collected, but not published, by the Spanish Mining Bureau. About a score of the islands are known to contain valuable mineral deposits, including gold, copper, iron, coal, etc. The extent and nature of these deposits, and the possibility of profitably exploiting them, are necessarily left very much in the dark. Mr. Becker confines himself strictly to his scientific task. There is no expansion, no rainbow, no Griggsean rhetoric in his report. He is even frank enough to say of two islands, Capul and Caraballo, reported to be rich in copper and iron, that he could not find, not merely the deposits, but the very islands themselves. That does not matter; we will annex them just the same. Our appetite for islands is now so ravenous that, as Voltaire said of God, if they do not exist we must invent them.

The United States has been singularly fortunate in having at the head of affairs at Santiago officers as gifted and capable as Gen. Wood and some of his subordinates. But no military governor can hope to be successful if such miserable military organizations, or rather mobs, are sent to him as Gen. Wood has under him. It was only a short time ago that the Fifth Regular Infantry was sent to Santiago, as much to keep the American volunteers in order as to overawe the Cubans, but even their presence has not prevented an outbreak twenty miles from Santiago, in which thirty American soldiers killed five Cubans. This occurrence called forth a vigorous protest from the Santiago *Independencia*, which demanded the removal of the general commanding at the scene of the trouble on the ground that he was incompetent. It then said:

"It is contrary to all justice to send here as an army of occupation the cut-throats and murderers who, ever since they came, have acted worse than the Spaniards ever did. These men are so bad that they had been sent to a far-off town where their misdeeds have culminated in butchery and slaughter worse than even Cubans have been accustomed to."

Not even the most ardent advocate of expansion can maintain that this is the proper way to show our much-vaunted Anglo-Saxon superiority and our ability to govern subject races. And when it is considered that in a short time many Cuban towns and cities may be patrolled by our raw volunteer soldiery, and that there are few men like Wood to be called upon to stand in the breach, there can only be grave fears about the maintenance of friendly relations with the inhabitants of the war-worn island.

As the weeks pass, the situation in Illinois which grew out of the anarchistic course of Gov. Tanner becomes more and more disgraceful to the State. The Executive himself set the example of breaking the laws and nullifying the Constitution of the nation, and the ignorant masses find in the principles which he laid down abundant warrant for continuous lawlessness. The chief seat of disturbance is the mining town of Pana. The operators here succeeded in bringing in some colored miners from Alabama before Gov. Tanner had a chance to interfere and announce that he would "blow to pieces with Gatling guns" any such body of men from another State who might thereafter try to enter Illinois. These negroes have refused to leave Pana, asserting justly they have as much right there as anybody. Naturally enough, the white mob at Pana is constantly attacking these black citizens of the United States. Naturally enough, also, the State authorities do not afford the negroes effective protection. Gov. Tanner issued orders last month that thereafter "under no circumstances should any negro from another State be allowed to enter Pana," and it would be absurd to expect any sympathy for the blacks already there from the commander of the State troops stationed in the town after he had at the same time announced that, "If I lose every man under my command, no negroes shall land in Pana."

Senator Hanna was grievously misunderstood, he says, regarding the Dingley bill. He does not charge fraudulent misquotation, but magnanimously admits that "perhaps I did not make my meaning clear to my friend the reporter." What he said to his friend the reporter was that the Dingley bill was a failure as a producer of revenue. In this, like Truthful James, he stated but the fact. Indeed, the ingenuous Hanna now affirms that there is a "lack" of revenue under the original Dingley tariff, which must be supplied from "other sources." But does this imply that he does not cherish the highest admiration and reverence for the Dingley bill? Perish the thought! "I now state that I consider the Dingley bill the most scientific and best-adjusted tariff bill ever enacted." From this it appears to follow that the most scientific and best-adjusted tariff ever known is one which had at once to be patched out of recognition to save the Treasury from going bankrupt. However, we give Senator Hanna's correction the prominence it deserves. His little *erratum* is:

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"For 'failure,' read 'most scientific and best adjusted.'"

It is admitted that the use of voting-machines in the city of Rochester at the recent election was a complete success. The full vote of the city was known long in advance of that of any other city in the State, and there have been no complaints about the working of the machines and no question as to their accuracy. In addition to these facts, it is shown also that there is a large saving in expense over the ordinary election system. The number of election districts was reduced more than one-fifth, making a great economy in rentals, the services of a large number of ballot clerks were dispensed with, the printing expenses were greatly cut down, making a total saving in all of over $5,000 annually. It is shown that the machines will pay for themselves in this way in six or seven years, and that from that time forward the cost of elections will be comparatively slight. Of course, the greatest advantage of the system lies in the complete inability of anybody to alter the count. Both regular voting and independent voting are recorded with absolute accuracy the moment they take place. Then, too, there can be no trace left anywhere of the way in which the voter has expressed his will, since there are no ballots to mark. There are also no defective ballots either, for an elector can vote only in such a way as to have his vote counted.

The returns of election expenditures made by candidates for various offices throughout the State suggest that our present very defective Corrupt-Practices act might well be included in the subjects for legislative reform this winter at Albany. In many instances candidates spent nearly the full amount of the salary for the term of the office for which they were running, and in one instance at least, that of Mr. Woodruff, the Lieutenant-Governor-elect, the expenditure exceeded the salary by several thousand dollars. A defeated candidate for Congress in a Buffalo district spent nearly $8,000, and a successful candidate for State Senator in the Syracuse district spent $2,147, though the salary for the full term of Senator is only $3,000. These abnormal outlays suggest the advisability of so amending the laws as to put a limit of some kind to the amount of money which a candidate may spend, as is done in the laws of several of our States.

One branch of the Legislature of Georgia has passed a bill to authorize the issue of circulating notes by banks incorporated by the State. Many States, including New York, have such laws now, but they are inoperative by reason of the tax of 10 per cent. imposed on such issues by the United States. It is said that the object of the proposed new law of Georgia is to make a test case and have it decided by the Supreme Court, *i. e.*, whether the tax law is constitutional or not. Probably these Georgia legislators are "banking" on the changes that have taken place in the personnel of the court since this very question was decided before. The case was that of Veazie Bank vs. Fenno, and the opinion of the court, fully sustaining the tax, was delivered by Chief Justice Chase. This case was decided soon after the close of the civil war. The judges then on the bench were Chase, Clifford, Nelson, Grier, Field, Miller, Swayne, and Davis, all of whom are now dead except Field, who has retired.

The problem of the taxation of personal property has been considered by most living authorities on finance insoluble. The State of Vermont, however, has discovered a new way to deal with it. She proposes that any person now a non-resident coming into that State to live may enter into a contract with the State, running not more than thirty years, to pay a specified sum per annum, in lieu of all other taxes on personal property. This sum is to be not less than $500 per year in any case. This method of drawing rich people into the State was recommended by Gov. Smith to the Legislature, and a bill to carry it into effect has been passed by the House, and may possibly become a law. Vermont is flanked by New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York, and she undoubtedly expects to draw affluence from all those States, and perhaps from more distant ones. Very likely she will do so, especially from Massachusetts, whose laws for the taxation of personal property are Draconian in their severity. As this new law applies only to persons now non-residents of Vermont, it is not unlikely that a local disturbance may be raised by the "old settlers," who will ask why they should not be treated as well as new-comers. Why not, indeed? Why should not the State make a contract with each person for a specified sum per annum (taking security in each case for payment), and then dispense with assessors and collectors of personal taxes altogether? Then all such taxes will be paid voluntarily. This new experiment will be watched with interest all over the Union.

"Why do I resign the presidency of Williams College? One reason is that I may not be asked why I do *not* resign?" Such was the happy way in which that shrewd and wise educator Mark Hopkins stated the potent reason for his withdrawal at the age of seventy. It is in much the same spirit that Timothy Dwight, upon reaching the same age, resigns the presidency of Yale University. Certainly in the later case, as in the earlier, nobody had thought of suggesting the wisdom of withdrawal. Dr. Dwight will surrender his place, as did Dr. Hopkins, with general regret among the alumni of his institution that he felt constrained to anticipate what need not have occurred for years to come. It is the most fortunate way for any man to close a career, to retire while everybody says that he might well keep on, rather than to hold on, as more than one college president in New England history has done, long after the period of usefulness has ended. It is a fruitful as well as an enjoyable life upon which Dr. Dwight can look back, one of practically continuous association with the same institution, in one or another capacity, since he entered it as a freshman in 1845, closing fitly with a dozen years at its head during the period when the college has broadened into the university. Dr. Dwight's resignation follows close upon the withdrawal of President Andrews from Brown and President Gates from Amherst, so that three institutions in New England must at the same time seek new heads.

The deplorable condition of affairs in Spain has recently been testified to by one of her most prominent public men. Señor Silvela, leader of the largest fraction of the Conservative party, wrote a few days ago in the *Epoca:* "Our actual situation is the most calamitous that has been seen since our nationality was constituted, and so badly, by the Catholic monarchs. If those who are in a position to exercise an influence upon public opinion do not unite, it will soon be all up with us. There is no time to lose. If we do not forget all our differences and put all hands to the pumps, the ship and cargo will be lost." The "differences" that Silvela refers to are mainly those of party faction. His own party is split into five or six warring groups. A formidable revolt in the Liberal party has been headed by Señor Gamazo, and is making Sagasta's position more and more heartbreaking. Marshal Martinez Campos is seeking a "military solution" of the trouble—that is, another military dictatorship. Carlists and Republicans are muttering and plotting. All parties seem simply waiting for the treaty of peace to be signed. No one will relieve Sagasta of that humiliation. But the moment he has drained its dregs, in behalf of his country, he will be cast from power amid execrations which will be as universal as they will be senseless. It will be a signal for letting loose the most violent and dangerous political passions. The greatest restraining force in sight is a foreign one—that of France. She would not appear to have any surplus of calm and moderation to bestow abroad, but it is certain that her influence and interests in Spain are now powerful, perhaps preponderant.

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FINANCIAL POLICY.

At a meeting of the Sound Money League (or its executive committee) last week, the results of the recent elections were brought under review, and some suggestions made respecting the financial policy to be sought in Congress. Congressman Fowler, who was present, held that it was not expedient to attempt to pass any comprehensive measure at the coming short session of Congress, since the Senate would be sure to reject it, and the work would have to be done over again in the next Congress. We have already indicated our concurrence in that view, which is a matter of party expediency rather than of financial policy. The wisest thing to do if financial considerations alone were involved, would be to pass a bill funding and retiring the greenbacks at once. With the present resources of the Treasury, $200,000,000 gold might be applied to greenback redemption at once, leaving less than $150,000,000 to be funded into bonds. But it is needless to speculate on this head when we have to deal with the varying humors of Congress, of political parties, and of Presidential candidates.

The suggestion was made by one of the gentlemen who took part in the discussion, that it would be well to pass a bill providing that, after a certain date, greenbacks once redeemed in gold should not be again paid out of the Treasury except in exchange for gold. This is an old suggestion and a wise one, and was once recommended to Congress in a mild way by President McKinley himself. No argument would be needed to convince Congress of its expediency if Congress were concerned with financial instead of political expediency. As the Government pays gold for greenbacks on demand, why should it not demand gold in exchange for them, especially at a time when it has a surplus revenue, enabling it to control the situation and act its own pleasure? The question may be asked, Why may not the Secretary of the Treasury enforce this policy without a law? Indeed, he may do so, and very likely the present Secretary will do so. The advantage of having a law prescribing that rule of action is two-fold: it will govern future Secretaries, who may not be of the same opinion as the present one, and it will serve as an educator of public opinion. Every time that the word gold is used in a statute, it serves as a nail to fasten down the coffin of silver and fiat money in general. For these reasons we consider it good policy for the Republicans to pass a short measure of that kind the coming winter. It may stick fast in the Senate, but it will show the country that the party is not unmindful of its pledges and its duty regarding the currency. Another feasible measure would be the passage of a resolution declaring that all public obligations are payable in gold or its equivalent. This is what the country really voted for in 1896 when that issue was unembarrassed with questions of territorial expansion. That is what the country voted for on the 8th of the present month, so far as the currency question entered into the campaign.

Whether Congress shall do anything or nothing on the subject this winter (and we think it is most likely to do nothing), the currency is so saturated with gold that there is nothing to fear in that regard at present. The importations of gold into the United States in the year 1898 have been by far the largest ever known, and the exportations the smallest in many years, while the production of gold from our own mines will prove the largest for a long period, if not actually the largest in the history of the country. The October statement of imports and exports, just issued by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, shows that the gold imports in the ten months ending October 31, 1898, were $143,658,095, which is more than 50 per cent. in excess of the amount imported in the corresponding period of any preceding year. The exports during that time have been but $14,061,849, which is less than in the corresponding months for more than ten years past. This gives the enormous balance of $129,596,246 of gold importations in excess of gold exportations. In only one other year since 1888 have the ten months ending with October shown an excess of imports of gold over exports, that being 1896, when the excess of importations was $37,085,851.

This unprecedented flow of gold into the United States is accounted for by the enormous balance of trade in our favor during the ten months just past. In that period the total imports of merchandise amounted to but $527,757,554, while the total exports were $987,964,356, a balance in our favor of $460,206,802. The total exports of merchandise for the month of October, 1898, amounted to $188,686,232, a sum larger than in any preceding October in the history of the country; the figures for October, 1897, being $111,744,517, and those for October, 1896, $113,516,586.

In addition to the $129,596,246 of net imports of gold during the year 1898 must be counted our own production of the metal, which has been from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 during the same time. In other words, our stock of gold has increased by $180,000,000 in one year. This large addition is plainly perceptible in the increased circulation shown by the figures of the latest Treasury statement, which foots up a gold balance of $242,805,604, while the gold in circulation on November 1 was $649,846,727. The total money in circulation at the beginning of the present month is shown by the Treasury figures to have been $1,866,575,782, against $1,706,732,904 at the corresponding date last year, and $1,905,725,200 on July 1, 1896. These conditions resemble in some respects those which prevailed during the years 1887-1891, but they did not prevent the disastrous panic of 1893, from which we are only now recovering. Nor have we any guarantee that we shall be saved from like disasters hereafter if we trust to luck and leave the currency question unsettled for another indefinite period.

WHY WE HAVE NO OPPOSITION.

The presiding officer of the Republican State convention in Massachusetts, a few weeks ago, deplored the lack of an opposition to his party as a misfortune to the State. Pointing out that the Republican party had exercised the legislative power of the State for forty years, and during most of that period the executive power as well, he said:

> "We have been exposed to the perils which surround a party whose supremacy is unquestioned. We have lacked one of the best safeguards of good government, the advantage of a numerous and intelligent minority, ready to profit by our mistakes, able to obtain the confidence of the State and in its turn to undertake the responsibilities of her government. Least of all have we that advantage to-day."

There is no doubt that the same plaint might be uttered by nearly every State in the Union: that indispensable part of the machinery of every successful parliamentary system is wanting among us. But we think we can throw some light on the cause.

We cannot have an opposition in the parliamentary sense without a body of men who are willing to do the work of an opposition; and the work of an opposition is the criticism of the measures as well as the opinions of the party in power. But this criticism must be constant, not fitful. It must be ready and in working order, not on Monday only, but every day; not in winter only, but in summer. Its members, too, must be willing to stay in opposition. They cannot be running to and fro all the time between the opposition and the Administration. To make a concrete illustration: If Sir William Harcourt were to pass half his time approving and admiring the measures of the Tories, or it were always uncertain how long he would remain opposed to them, his opposition would have little weight or value. A real opposition opposes on principle, and continues its opposition on principle, whether the thing it opposes be done or not.

Now we have nothing of the kind, and have not had since the war. The war broke up our parties as they existed from the foundation of the government, and they have never been reformed. What happens now is something of this sort, which is not remotely connected with the rise of the boss system: The ruling party in the Union or the State produces some measure which shocks

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and horrifies a large number of sensible people. They foresee the most direful consequences as likely to result from it to the community. They speak out and denounce it vigorously in the press or on the platform or in the Legislature. The Mugwumps and Independents and Philosophers clap their hands, and shout, "Thank God, we are going to have an opposition at last. The people are waking up." A few days or weeks pass by. The boss or the President is consulted. He is asked if he has heard or read the terrible philippic of the famous so-and-so against his measure. He says he has. Asked what he thinks of it, he replies that it is pretty good. Asked whether it has any effect on his opinion about his measure, he replies not the least, that "it is sure to pass." Very soon the news that "it is sure to pass," that the criticism on it has not made the least impression on the party in power, spreads through the community. As soon as they hear this the opposition are panic-stricken. They run around and shout: "It is sure to pass; there is no use in talking. You are wasting your breath. Now I tell you if you don't get over pretty quick, you will get left; the people all want it." In the course of a week after this there is no visible opposition. The very men you have left denouncing the measure, are now inventing reasons for not opposing it, and ridiculing the handful of "kickers" who still hold out against it. The argument that "it is sure to pass" makes short work of everything that saint or sage may say. The clergy then join in rapidly and testify that, bad as the thing seemed at first, on maturer consideration God Almighty had gone over, and, in consideration of the increased facilities it will afford for spreading the Gospel, is determined to uphold the hands of the Government.

It can easily be seen that under a system like this the growth of a real opposition is impossible. No government measure ever receives any criticism that the Government need fear. Probably no such opportunity was ever afforded to an opposition, in the whole course of parliamentary history, as was afforded to an American opposition last April, but there was no opposition to take advantage of it. In place of reason, eloquence, remonstrance, history, and common sense, it was collecting lint for the wounded or preaching sermons on the loveliness of war, especially when you do not know what it is about. In short, no permanent opposition can ever be formed in America as long as its members cannot be relied on to stay in opposition—as long as they have no principles that will bear defeat. When the English Whigs heard from Pitt and the King that "it was sure to pass," they left the House of Commons and stayed away for three years. This was not their duty, but it was nearer their duty than joining the Tories and shouting that they were right and that God was on their side. When we see a banker of mature age like Mr. Gage, after opposing for six months a piece of foolery like the annexation of the Philippines, with everything on his side that distinguishes human wisdom from human folly, suddenly going over to the abhorred thing on the ground that trade needs 8,000,000 of half-naked savages, when our trade is increasing at home hand over hand; when we see a body like the Michigan Republican Convention passing resolutions in favor of a war of annexation, and at the same time another for the establishment of a bureau to induce emigrants to come from abroad to settle their "waste lands," we ask where can an opposition come from. You cannot set men like these to criticise.

An opposition must have a body of principles which, in order to inspire confidence or respect, have to be held and upheld, whether they win or lose, in good and evil fortune. Every administration, every boss knows that our present oppositions will not last over three weeks, and that they can be dissolved at any time by shouting, "It is sure to pass." Every crisis that arrives in our affairs, every occasion that calls on us for the highest qualities of statesmanship the nation contains, sees a large body of our leading men placed *hors de combat*—that is, made useless for any real future public service—by their abandonment of opposition as soon as they find it will not in this instance prove successful. Considering that Senator Hoar is opposing the Philippine folly valiantly, we do not like to recall the fact that he also ably opposed the annexation of Hawaii, and then voted for it, on hearing it was "sure to pass." Nor do we like to recall the fact that Mr. Gage has long been opposing war and annexation and is now supporting the silliest annexation of all, on hearing "it is sure to pass." And yet it is part of the history of the time. Principles are eternal. An opposition which has none, has no legitimate name in parliamentary literature. It is simply a mob of politicians.

THE CLOSED DOOR IN PORTO RICO.

The extension of the American navigation laws to Porto Rico was made by executive order the moment the flag was hoisted at San Juan. This was quick work, as the island is not yet legally and constitutionally a part of the United States. But we presume no one will make any difficulty on that score. The real objection to the order is that it is foolish, whether strictly legal or not. It is an advertisement to the world that our zeal for the open door of trade is simply zeal for opening other people's doors. Our own doors we propose to keep double-locked, and as soon as we get control of a new door we slam it in the faces of those who have been freely using it. It may be that trade follows the flag, but the lesson which we are apparently anxious that the nations shall take to heart is that *their* trade cannot follow *our* flag. When our flag goes up, their trade goes down.

The actual and immediate effects of enforcing our navigation laws in Porto Rico will not perhaps be very serious. There will be temporary inconvenience to commerce; Porto Ricans will have to pay a little more for the necessaries of life; what we take from them will cost us a little more. In time, we suppose, these evils will be got over, and trade will adjust itself to the new conditions. But the really bad effect will be the indication of policy which this early step in colonial government affords. It shows that we are the great Bourbons of international commerce, who learn nothing and forget nothing. If there is one thing which economists and practical students of shipping are agreed upon, it is that our navigation laws are an antiquated absurdity. Yet it is these mediæval manacles of trade that we make haste to clap upon the inhabitants of our first colonial acquisition, whom we are supposed to have freed from an obsolete tyranny.

What these laws do in effect is to make Porto Rican trade a part of the coasting trade of the United States. That is to say, all cargoes from this country to the islands and from the islands to any of our ports must be carried in American bottoms. Furthermore, no English or Canadian or French or German vessel touching at San Juan can afterwards, on the same voyage, touch at Fajardo or Ponce or any other Porto Rican port. Here is where the greatest hardship will come in for the islanders. They are without railroads or other means of cheap transportation. It is upon coasting vessels that they have depended for securing supplies at the various points of distribution. Thus it is obvious that our navigation laws will, for a time at least, throw the whole business into confusion, involving unnecessary transshipment and needless expense. But for the priceless liberty which we are bestowing upon them, no doubt the Portoriqueños will be willing to pay as much as this.

It is evident that the English are made a little nervous by this first-fruit of our enlightened colonial policy. They regard it as symptomatic of worse things to follow. If we begin with exclusive shipping laws, how long will it be before we advance to that other triumph of American freedom, a prohibitory tariff? Is this the way we show our gratitude to England? If it were not that the union jack were twined with the stars and stripes, and that the union of hearts and the *entente* were being toasted at all banquets and launchings of battle-ships,

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the English might think that we were striking them a foul blow; as it is, they are bound to think that we are only dissembling our love. Yet, even with the best will in the world, their ardor for joining hands with us in fighting for free trade in the Orient must be a little dampened by our suspicious haste to shackle trade the moment we get our clutch on it. A delegation of Illinois manufacturers urged the President to lose no time in applying the American tariff to the Philippines. Mr. McKinley said their suggestions were well worth considering, and that he would give his mind to them. Here is fresh cause for alarm to our English allies. They know by sad experience how Mr. McKinley's mind is apt to work when the stimulus of protection is applied to it.

The navigation laws of the United States, which we have taken this offensive way of flaunting in the face of the world, are probably the most backward and stupid known to man. The Spanish, from whom our protectionists learned all they know, have had some absurd and oppressive shipping laws, but none so much so as our own. Their treatment of trade in Cuba and Porto Rico was blind enough, Heaven knows, but the coasting trade was left by them in better condition than we now put it in. In this respect, liberation from Spanish commercial oppression means for the islanders a falling back into worse oppression. Our shipping laws are not only a crying anachronism; they are entirely outgrown by ourselves, and without practical effect except to make us fussy and ridiculous. The truth is that our ability to build iron ships in competition with all the world is now acknowledged in England. The London *Times* has lately had several articles, written by experts, predicting an enormous expansion of American shipbuilding in the near future. This will be due, not to our navigation laws, which we have had all along, but to our now being able to beat the world in iron and steel manufacture. Instead of rushing ahead to apply our shipping laws to our new possessions, we ought to be ashamed of maintaining them any longer in the territory we already have, and to repeal them for the Middle-Age monstrosity they are.

FIRST YEAR OF CONSOLIDATION.

The enlarged city of New York is approaching the end of its first year of existence, and we are in a position to form some estimate of our first annual harvest of what President Low called, while our new charter was under consideration, "the fundamental advantages of consolidation." Valuable aid in the direction of forming this estimate was furnished by the *Times* on Friday last in some interviews with several of the framers of the new charter. These all admit that the charter has defects, and they condemn especially the borough system as an entirely useless institution. Some of them go further and say that the double-chambered Municipal Assembly is of doubtful value, and think that there is some useless machinery in the Board of Public Improvements.

The experience of the year will be useful in throwing light upon these points of criticism. As to the borough system, there never was anything in that but a sonorous name, and some comfortable salaries for borough presidents and such secretaries and clerks as they might choose to employ. There were borough boards, and local-improvement boards, and borough halls provided also, but from the beginning there has been nothing for all this machinery to do. No borough president, or borough board, or local-improvement board has ever found any business to transact. One of the borough presidents declared when he first came into office that he could find nothing to do, and should refuse to draw his salary, but it is not recorded that he carried his feelings to such an extreme. Instead of anything of this kind happening, the budget for 1899 shows an appropriation of $12,100 for each of the presidents of the Boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn, and $7,200 for each of those of Queens and Richmond. Here is a total appropriation of $50,700 for a part of the new government which Mr. Gilroy, one of its framers, declares to be "perfectly useless." He explains its presence in the charter as follows: "The provision creating these offices was inserted out of deference to the views of Mr. De Witt of Brooklyn." That is a new theory of charter construction, and it explains many other features of the consolidation charter than the borough system. Human experience was ignored from beginning to end, being regarded as of far less value as a guide than the "views of Mr. De Witt of Brooklyn" or some other hitherto unknown authority in the science of municipal government.

Condemnation of the Municipal Assembly by the charter-framers is much more guarded than that of the borough system, but the year's experience is no less overwhelmingly against it. We were required to return to this rejected form of local legislation, contrary to an unbroken record of failure in every American city for half a century, because it would supply us "with a larger measure of home rule." We were told that it would exercise important home-rule powers in all questions of large expenditure of city money. What has been the result in practice? Has the Municipal Assembly exercised a particle of power in this direction? The annual budget came before it for approval a few days ago. The grand total was $93,500,000, and in that total there was not a penny for the erection of new public-school buildings. Here was a chance for the Assembly to exercise its home-rule powers, for there is a strong popular demand, based upon the needs of thousands of children who cannot find accommodations at present, from several of our boroughs for new school buildings. Several members searched for the "powers," but could find none which would be of any service to them in compelling the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to include in the budget an item for new school buildings. The work of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment was, in fact, as final in the question of annual expenditures as it would have been without a Municipal Assembly. This has been the case in every instance. The only power which the Assembly has been able to exert over expenditures is in "holding up" for a time an issue of bonds in order that the members of a particular borough might secure the "recognition" which they demanded. In other directions its legislation has been as unimportant as was that of our old Board of Aldermen. Yet this Assembly costs us $115,000 a year in salaries alone.

So much for the two most noteworthy features of the new charter. They have worked as everybody whose opinion was worth anything on the subject knew they must work, to accomplish nothing whatever in the direction of intelligent and useful government. How is it about that most fundamental of all the advantages of consolidation—the cost of the government? While the charter was under consideration, it was estimated that the annual budget might reach $75,000,000 or $80,000,000. The total for 1899 is over $93,500,000, fully $15,000,000 above the total of the present year. How is this enormous sum to be raised? The taxpayers of the Borough of Manhattan will have a chance to answer this question intelligently soon. Under the provisions of the charter, tax valuations must be equalized throughout the new city, which means that the valuations in the Borough of Manhattan must be raised. This was pointed out as an inevitable result of consolidation. The valuations in all the newly acquired territory of the city were far higher than those of the old city, were, in fact, nearly up to the full value of the property, while those of the old city were more than a third lower. Equalization means, under these conditions, only one thing, increased taxation for the old city.

The taxpayers of the Borough of Manhattan must, in fact, "pay the piper" in the consolidation dance. They will have in this way a valuable object-lesson, "right here" at home, in the beauties of the "expansion" policy. We extended our borders, and took in large sections of outlying territory, all of which was heavily burdened with debt, because we were assured by President Low,

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among others, that the mere act of enlarging our borders and increasing our numbers would "appeal to the civic interest as well as to the civic pride of every citizen," and give us a government for the great city that would "prove worthy of the great trust." What we actually have is a Tammany government, a "wide-open city," a perfectly useless and expensive Borough system and Municipal Assembly, an annual budget of $93,500,000, and a great increase in the burden of taxation for the old city alone. That is "expansion"—elevation of character by bigness alone—in its very essence.

BRUNETIÈRE ON AMERICAN CATHOLICISM.

The second sheaf of gleanings from his American tour, two years ago, is given to the public by M. Ferdinand Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for November 1. Having written before of American university life and education in this country in general, he now prints his impressions of American religious life. His title is "Catholicism in the United States," but his comprehensive view surveys our entire religious evolution. The article may be said to confirm all that has been alleged of Brunetière's complete going over to Rome. He quotes the Vulgate with orotund unction. He hobnobs with Cardinals and Monsignori. In short, the erstwhile literary critic has throughout the air of saying, with Pascal's Provincial Letter-writer, "Je suis devenu grand théologien en peu de temps, et vous en allez voir des marques."

Brunetière, of course, whether as critic or theologian, is not a man to extemporize his knowledge, and it is clear that he has carefully studied his subject. It is inevitable, however, that a foreigner should occasionally stumble. In the matter of church statistics, for example, he is apparently not aware of the two differing systems used by Catholics and Protestants in this country. The former reckon in all the "souls" in their parishes; Protestant year-books include only adult communicants. This vitiates many of Brunetière's comparisons. He is also under a misapprehension in regard to the continued appearance of Protestant sects. He thinks they still go on multiplying by fission like so many polyps, two to-day where there was but one yesterday. But, in fact, the tendency is now all the other way; it is the period of reunions and assimilation, rather than division. Christian Scientists and Spiritualists may, perhaps, be cited as new sects; but if they can be called churches at all, they are only specimens of the sort of thing that used to be a common but is now a rare phenomenon. A rabid reformer was once explaining to Lord Alvanley his plan to exclude all the Bishops except two from the House of Lords. "You would leave those, I suppose," said Alvanley, "to keep up the breed." If there are any new Protestant denominations forming at present in the United States, they are only rather feebly keeping up the breed.

Leaving these minor slips, let us come to the main reasons which Brunetière gives for the great prosperity and fair prospects of American Catholicism. That it is making many converts among educated and influential Americans he is certain, for a bishop told him so. The numbers are put at 30,000 a year. We think these figures would suffer under analysis as seriously as some others which Brunetière uses, but let that pass. It is of high interest to know why educated Americans are being converted to Catholicism, even if they are not being converted.

Well, one reason is that the government of the Catholic Church is so beautifully analogous to the government of the United States. It seems to be almost a case of preëstablished harmony. As we rise from the local government to the State and to the federal, so in the church we pass from priest to bishop and to general councils and the Pope. All this was earnestly explained to Brunetière. But if he had chanced to be a visiting Presbyterian, the same preordained coördination between the government of that church and the government of the country would have been unfolded before his astonished gaze. The Catholics have no monopoly of this argument. The Methodists use it most ably, and so do the Episcopalians. If the Congregationalists and Baptists cannot employ it in just that form, they can at least point with pride to their denominations as being typically American because enjoying local autonomy and independence. In fact, every denomination in the land has at least one champion able to prove that it is at once the most Scriptural and the most purely American. Even Brunetière himself seems a little doubtful about the overwhelming nature of Catholic logic on this point. He says, "To tell the truth, I am not sure that the analogies between Catholicism and the Constitution of the United States are so numerous and their relations so striking or affinities so 'providential' as some Americans seem to believe."

What he is sure of, however, is that it is the Catholic principle of authority and finality which impresses and wins Americans. They have their Supreme Court for unappealable legal decisions, and they want an ultimate and infallible tribunal to pass upon religious questions. Hence, says Brunetière, the curious fact that American Catholics were so ardent for Papal infallibility. We are not so sure about that. We remember that one American bishop, the Bishop of Little Rock, was bold enough to vote against the infallibility decree in the Oecumenical Council. But we admit that on this Little Rock the church was not built. However that may be, it seems to us that Brunetière has failed to observe the particular nature of the fondness of Americans for infallibility. It must be infallibility distinctly arrayed on their side. No people on earth take more kindly to an infallible authority when it agrees with them. On the adverse side, it breeds scepticism and revolt. This is true even of American Catholics. Who does not recall the vigorous language addressed to the Pope by American prelates at the time of the Cahensley controversy? And when the Knights of Labor were threatened with excommunication, it was pretty plainly intimated to the Curia that the beautiful adaptation of the Catholic Church to the American Constitution would disappear at once if that blow fell.

Brunetière enumerates other reasons why Americans are rapidly coming into the Catholic fold. They like success, and what can be more successful than the Catholic Church? They are impressed by ceremonies and vestments, and she supplies them. If it is a hierarchy they desire, there it is for them; and if democratic equality, there that is, too. We cannot go into this. Brunetière's reasons would be better worth considering if his facts were better established. They are fine abstract reasons which would convince any mind not prejudiced by the facts being otherwise.

IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

DUBLIN, November 5, 1898.

A complicated and contracted system of local government is to come into being here next January. Legislative enactments become more and more complicated, especially with reference to Ireland, where are applied modifications, checks, and limitations not thought of in legislation affecting Great Britain. While British systems of local government are guided and controlled by Government boards subject to the influence of British public opinion, ours is to be in the future, as it has been in the past, controlled by one above the influence of Irish public opinion. The Irish Local Government Act, passed last session (61 and 62 Victoria, chap. 3-7), consists of 124 sections and numerous subsections, besides 7 schedules of 14 "parts," in which, under 150 heads, other acts of Parliament modifying it are to be considered. Taken as a whole, it is difficult of comprehension. The lawyers will reap a rich harvest, as they have from the other measures of wide scope applied to this country. I have, however, before me a handbook* lately published, with the aid of which I shall note the principal provisions of the act.

Let me begin by stating in a few words the systems that are being superseded. The counties have been governed by the grand juries. "Introduced into Ireland after the Conquest," these bodies have gradually gathered to themselves "the extraordinary combination of duties which disappear with the present act, leaving only its original

*A Guide to Irish Local Government. By John Muldoon and George McSweeny, barristers-at-law. Dublin: Eason & Son.

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criminal jurisdiction unimpaired." They were practically appointed by the Government, and met but for a few hours annually. The county work was left in the hands of permanent officials. It is unnecessary particularly to dwell upon the bribe of several hundred thousand pounds a year, in remission of taxation, which Government has found it necessary to give to its supporters of the upper classes in Ireland to induce them to relinquish their present powers. This bribe is a measure that would never have been resorted to but for the power, out of all proportion to its members, that the Irish oligarchy exercises in the balance of British parties. With the exception of its criminal jurisdiction as above stated, and its right of "presenting for malicious injuries," all the powers of the grand jury pass to the new councils. (In Ireland, any person maliciously injured in body or estate by person or persons, discovered or concealed, can claim compensation, to be levied off the tax-payers of the district in which he lives. The power of deciding such claims and arranging the district over which they are to be paid, now passes to the County Court Judge, with appeal to the Judge of Assize.)

The second element of Irish local government has been the Boards of Guardians of the Poor. Originally constituted sixty years ago for the purpose of relieving paupers in workhouses, they have gathered to themselves a great variety of powers—sanitary and otherwise—from the walling of ancient graveyards to the muzzling of dogs. The guardians have been half elective and half ex-officio, appointed from among justices of the peace, the nominees of Government.

The Irish cities and towns have been governed by corporations and Town Commissioners elected upon a franchise narrow as compared to that subsisting in Great Britain, which for the past thirty years has been agitated against in vain. The franchise for all local government in Ireland will now be the same as the parliamentary (practically depending on the occupation of a dwelling-house or any part of a house occupied as a separate dwelling)—with the addition of Peers and women occupiers. Nothing has been done to simplify questions of legislation and clear them of technicalities. The whole power of Parliament has been exercised to give the vote; it is not so difficult at the annual revisions to disfranchise unwary opponents. "Stuffing the ballot-boxes" is here impossible; depleting or unfairly expanding the register is possible. In the few Irish constituencies where the balance of parties is somewhat even, the elections are, at considerable cost to those interested in politics, fought out in advance, with considerable outcry and loss of temper in the revision courts. So many wealthy politicians and lawyers are interested in the present complicated system of making up lists of voters that it has hitherto been found impossible to reform it.

In each county in Ireland will be elected a council to which will be transferred the powers of the grand juries as to roads and other public purposes. These councils will levy all the local taxes. Large powers are conferred upon them for the acquisition of land for county purposes, and for other duties and purposes. District councils, acting in a minor capacity as Guardians of the Poor, are established for local details and the administration of the Poor Law. With the exception of the widening of the franchise, the present constitution of cities and towns is not materially altered.

For the first time in Ireland local affairs will come under the management of the people at large. Through and above all, however, the power of the Castle stands. The people are not to be trusted as they are in Great Britain. Decisions as to "the disqualification of persons for being members of a county or district council, or Board of Guardians, and of any such council or board, and their partners, for appointment to an office," are left in the hands of the Lord Lieutenant. He has already, by the stroke of his pen, decided that neither women nor clergymen are to be entitled to sit on county councils, and he has disqualified persons "who within five years have been sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor, without option of a fine." Seeing that under the coercion act, still in force, crimes nonexistent in Great Britain are instituted, and that some of the most representative and trusted men in the country were so sentenced, this order is considerably resented.

No council can, without the consent of the Castle, expend on roads of a district more than one-fourth additional of the average annual sum laid out on them within three years before the passage of the act. Councils must erect and maintain court-houses, although they have no power or authority over them, further than being permitted to hold their meetings in them when not in use by the Crown. The management of lunatic asylums (to the maintenance of which the Imperial Government contributes four shillings per patient per week), hitherto under nominees of the Lord Lieutenant, will in future be confided to the county councils. The concurrence of the Lord Lieutenant will be necessary in the appointment, fixing the salaries, and dismissal of the principal executive officers of county councils. He will also have the power to issue mandamuses against councils for the maintenance of piers already constructed and managed by Government, for officers' salaries, coroners' expenses, extra police, lunatic asylums, repayment of loans, support of prisoners, infirmaries, and hospitals.

The Act effects an entire revolution in local finance. A system of local taxation is introduced by which the occupier (not as formerly the occupier and landlord) will pay for everything. For this liability, compensation is attempted in the form of an annual sum from the Imperial purse fixed in amount in perpetuity. This will give to the occupiers of land the benefit of future economies, and throw upon them the weight of future increases in expenditure. The Imperial Government will divide annually between Irish local bodies a sum not yet fixed, expected to be about £700,000. In addition there will be variable sums under different heads, amounting to about £436,000 per annum more. It must be remembered that Great Britain also receives such allowances, without the landlord class being exempted from local taxation; and that these sums, as well as the Imperial grants for police and education, have been taken into account by the Royal Commission which reported that Ireland is beyond them entitled to an allowance of £2,500,000 per annum for undue taxation.

Persons accustomed to the systems of local government in force in other English-speaking countries will consider ours strongly "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined." It is its width, not its limitations, that impresses most Irishmen used to having had little or no voice in local management. The absence of local control over police and education must arrest the attention of outsiders. Considering the freedom from corruption and independence of personal and local influences that characterizes the Irish police system, there is much to be said in its favor. With its military constitution softened down, its higher grades officered by those who had by merit risen from the ranks (not as at present by gentlemen cadets), and with some popular representation on its governing council, it would be, whether under the present régime or under Home Rule, a better machine for the maintenance of good order and the execution of justice than the local systems existent elsewhere. Irish national education is under a central Government board. Catholics who publicly express their opinions, prefer this to local management. No desire for change is expressed by Protestants. Every school in the country has a "manager," independent of the Education Board. Most of them are clergymen. They possess the extraordinary power of dismissal without appeal of the teachers, so that these teachers paid by the state are entirely under local individual (not general) influence.

Heretofore there has been no excitement and little interest expressed concerning the new system of local government. Much in its working will depend upon the exercise by the Castle, through the Government board, of its powers. Gerald Balfour, the Chief Secretary, has come over, it is said, with the ardent desire to see it set running smoothly. He has not commenced well. He has disbanded the Clogher Board of Guardians, and put paid officials in their place, for insisting on the right, inherent in similar bodies in England, to appoint a female Collector of Rates, against whose character and capacity no objection can be urged. In the working of the system, most will depend upon the exercise of their new powers by the people. Would it were possible that politics could be eliminated from the management of local affairs; but seeing this is not so in other countries, it is scarcely to be expected here, where such a chasm still yawns between the classes and the masses, and where religious and national feeling renders it so easy for men to obscure issues, and to judge others by their professions rather than their practice or characters. We are free from the corruption of politics by money bribes or place-hunting. Politics is here too often degraded by class prejudices and by emotion.

One of the strongest arguments for home rule is that, under it, a large number of upper-class educated and trained Irishmen would, through a legislature sitting in Dublin, exercise control over, or express their wants and wishes concerning, all departments of Irish government. Under the approaching system they might find themselves totally excluded from direct local management over three-fourths of the country, and able to make themselves felt only through the oblique influence of a Parliament sitting in London, already overburdened with imperial and British concerns. D. B.

MASSON'S JOSEPHINE.

PARIS, November 3, 1898.

M. Frédéric Masson is an indefatigable searcher of documents relative to the Em-

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peror Napoleon, his family, and all his surroundings. He is as minute on this subject as Dangeau was concerning Louis XIV.; he disdains no details, he makes us live over the lives of the Imperial court; he revives for us the *style Empire*, he looks into the accounts of the Imperial household; nothing seems uninteresting to him if it can throw a ray of light on the dazzling years of the Napoleonic period.

I sometimes see in catalogues the title of a learned book, 'Sabine, ou la matinée d'une Dame romaine.' I imagine that it must be something in the style of 'L'Existence d'une Impératrice,' in which Frédéric Masson has recently described the life of the Empress Josephine at the Tuileries. But the Empress Josephine is more interesting to us than a Roman lady of the time of the Cæsars. Josephine's memory will always be bound up with that of Napoleon; she was looked on by the people as his good genius. When he divorced the "bonne Joséphine," people believed that fortune would abandon him. She was the only woman he really loved—with a wild, ardent love at first, during the early days of want and of greatness; afterwards with an enduring and constant love, even when she had lost her youth and her beauty. He was under her charm; he wrote to her from Italy and Egypt love-letters which were so warm that the publishers of his correspondence thought it best not to print them; and when all was over, after he had lost the battle of Waterloo, his last thoughts on leaving Paris were for Josephine and Malmaison, where they had led together the happy and glorious years of the Consulate.

M. Frédéric Masson describes first the Tuileries, as they had been rearranged and prepared for the Emperor and the Empress after their coronation. Napoleon did not subject his wife to the slavery which the queens of France had to endure; the queens were perpetually subjected to the most rigorous etiquette and could enjoy no privacy. Napoleon made two parts of his existence: one exterior, which was spent in the "appartement d'honneur," one inner, which was spent in an "appartement intérieur." The first apartment consisted for the Empress of an ante-room, two drawing-rooms, and the "salon de l'Impératrice." In the ante-room are a *portier d'appartement*, in grand livery, and the men of the *livrée*—four *valets de chambre*, four ushers, four *coureurs* or messengers, and the *valets de pied*. Into the first drawing-room enter by right the officers of the household of their Majesties, and the persons admitted to audience by the Empress who cannot by right enter into the second drawing-room. Two young pages are here all day. Personages of more importance enter the second drawing-room, the door of which is guarded by an usher. One door more and another usher, and the chosen people can enter the salon of the Empress, in which is one arm-chair for the Emperor, another for the Empress, and still another for the Emperor's mother; common chairs only for the princesses, and mere tabourets for the other ladies. The apartment consisted of a bedroom, a library, an inner bath-room, and sundry small rooms. Nobody could enter it except the ladies who had the Empress's special permission.

At Saint-Cloud the dispositions were the same as at the Tuileries. In both places Napoleon liked only a very severe style of furniture. He favored the creation of the style called "style Empire," cold and stiff, but heavy and majestic, and very appropriate to his reign. Curiously enough, this style, which has been in our time much despised, is coming again into fashion, with its curious bronzes; its ornaments which remind you of the ancient Cæsars, of the Egyptian campaign, of the French Revolution; and its fine silks.

M. Masson, having described the stage on which Josephine moved after she had become Empress, enters into a minute account of the life which was marked out for her. He shows her in the morning, in bed "with a *percale* or embroidered muslin cap, garnished with Valenciennes or Mechlin; sometimes with a *percale toquet* on her head." "Though, in her linen-closets, she had a lot of shirts with long sleeves, she wore at night as by day the same shirt, over which she put at night a *camisole*"—she had all sorts of them, embroidered, satin-lined in all colors, etc. The door is opened for her favorite dog, for Josephine could not live without a pet dog; she had one, in 1793—an ugly little beast—which helped her in the Carmelite prison to send messages which were hidden under his collar. At Milan she had one, which fell ill; the greatest doctor in the city was called in for him, and this circumstance made the fortune of Moscati, who became President of the Cisalpine Directory, Deputy, Count, Senator. How M. Masson contrived to find out the names, the habits, the history of the successive pet dogs of Josephine is a wonder; it is enough for us to know that she always gave first audience in the morning to the reigning dog. She was fond of all familiar beasts—little monkeys, birds; she always had small negroes, whom she treated like domestic animals, but negro servants were the fashion in France after the war of Independence.

Josephine gave three hours every morning to dressing. Her toilet was a great affair, and the women who helped her were the most important witnesses of her life. Her staff was composed of two first bedchamber-women, four maids, a *dame d'atour*, four women and a girl *de garde-robe*. The two *first* women were there only for etiquette's sake; they had large salaries and little to do. The four maids who received the title of *dames d'annonce*, had for their special business to act as ushers, to open the door to the Emperor, to the princesses. The real actors during the toilet, the intimate companions, were the *dame d'atour* and the four *femmes de garde-robe*. Josephine bathed every morning, and, after the bath, she had to take all sorts of means "pour réparer des ans l'irréparable outrage," as the poet says. Like an actress, she painted herself, she concealed as she might her wrinkles. M. Masson tells us that in one year (1808) she bought fs. 2,749.58 of rouge at Martin's, and fs. 598.52 of rouge at Madame Chaumeton's. He has seen the bills and gives us the francs and centimes. Napoleon did not like women to look pale. "Go, put on rouge," he said one day to a lady, during a reception. "What ails you?" said he to another; "you are very pale; have you just been confined?" He did not like perfumes, and Josephine was obliged to do without any except eau de Cologne. Josephine had every fortnight a visit from her *pédicure*, a German Jew named Tobias Kohen, who arrived in uniform, with a sword at his side.

When she put on her shift, her maids had to choose among 488, more or less embroidered, and garnished with the most expensive laces. "Don't be surprised," says M. Masson, "at these 500 shifts; they hardly suffice, as she changes them three times a day." The maids put on her stockings—generally white, sometimes pink. She had in her wardrobe 958 pairs of white silk stockings, 32 pink silk stockings, and 18 flesh-colored, worth from 18 to 72 francs the pair. The shoes she wore in the morning were generally of colored leather or of silk. In one year she buys 520 pairs. These shoes are very light and heelless; they seem to be a part of the foot. They are like the shoes of which a lady once complained to Cotte, the Empress's furnisher, that they split the first time this lady put them on. "Oh, I see what it is," said Cotte; "Madame has been walking."

After the corset, very light, without whalebone, she puts on a dressing-gown, and Herbault, the hair-dresser, is introduced. Herbault is quite a personage, but on great occasions Josephine receives a greater personage, the famous Duplan, who has known all the ladies of the Directory, who was familiar with Mme. Tallien, and one day cut in pieces a veil worth 8,000 francs which she had handed him, and which he found too large for her coiffure. Duplan received 32,000 francs in 1807 from Josephine, 12,000 in 1808, as much in 1809; he sells besides to her 10,000 francs' worth of various articles yearly. At the time of the divorce Napoleon gave Duplan to the new Empress, with the salary of 42,000 francs a year. While the hairdresser is still at his work, the *dames du palais* introduce a succession of furnishers, who bring muslins, silks, etc., for the Empress's choice.

M. Masson gives us a complete inventory of the gowns ordered by Josephine. It would have much interest for our great dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix, but I fancy that some of their clients would find that Josephine was a very reasonable person. Our modern dressmakers do not allow their clients to buy themselves the stuffs which are used for their gowns, as Josephine did. M. Masson calculates that in stuffs for gowns and for the making of them Josephine spent in six years 1,573,653 francs, without counting the great *parures* of the Coronation and of the grand ceremonies, which were charged to special credits by the Emperor. Of this million and a half, Leroy, the great *couturier* of the time, received in five years nearly half. Leroy thought himself very reasonable, and one day he dared to say to Napoleon himself that he did not give Josephine enough for her dresses.

Josephine was constantly in debt, though the Emperor allowed her a very large revenue; he had to pay these debts from time to time. M. Masson calculates that she, in reality, spent 1,100,000 francs a year—more than a million for her toilet, but jewelry is included, and amounts to nearly half of the sum. It is rather extraordinary that she bought so many jewels, as she had at her command the splendid jewels of the Crown, at that time the finest in existence—a complete set of diamonds, crown, diadem, comb, earrings, bracelets, necklace, valued at nearly four millions; a set of rubies, one of turquoises, one of pearls. What she bought herself could not compare with these fine jewels, but she liked to buy, to change, to play, as it were, with her ornaments. She

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was like a child with its toys. The debts of Josephine were paid after conjugal scenes which ended always in the same way: Josephine wept, and Napoleon consoled her. "Allons, Joséphine, allons, ma petite, ne pleures pas." As long as Josephine bought French goods Napoleon was patient, but he could not endure her buying English goods, regarding this as an attack upon his authority. Josephine, however, was a born smuggler; she delighted in having Indian cashmeres, and imported them in the coffers of the French couriers.

The last part of M. Masson's interesting study of Josephine's life is given to the serious part of her existence, if it can be said that there was anything serious in it. She had a sort of administration for her charities, which were innumerable, for pensions, the presents she made, the charitable institutions which she patronized, the favors she asked for—and she was always ready to oblige. She will always be remembered by the people as "la bonne Joséphine."

Correspondence.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN NORTH CAROLINA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter from Geneva, N. Y., in your issue of the 17th inst. gives a rather one-sided view of the very difficult problem recently presented to the people of eastern North Carolina. Dr. G. C. Lee, one of the professors of the Johns Hopkins University, went to North Carolina at the time of this trouble and made a special study of the facts, which he described in a series of letters published in the Baltimore *Sun*. From these I gather the following summary:

The Fusion Legislature, at its last session, altered the charter of Wilmington so as to give to the Governor the appointment of one-half of the Aldermen of the city, the other half being elected by the people. The Governor appointed all Republicans, those elected being about one-half of each party. The Aldermen were given the right to elect the Mayor, and in this manner the entire city government was turned over to the Republican party, and negroes were appointed to most of the city offices—policemen, constables, etc. The Governor had previously appointed negroes as justices of the peace, most of them ignorant men who could neither write nor read, and all offensive partisans.

In this state of affairs, the negroes, urged on by the designing white Republicans, were led to believe that they could do whatever they pleased. White men were arrested on trivial charges by negro policemen and constables, and from the justices of the same color they could not get a fair hearing. But this was not all. The preachers took a hand, and preached to their people that, having gained political supremacy, they were entitled also to social supremacy, and urged them to take it. As a result of this, white women were insulted in the streets, the negroes became lawless and turbulent, and the negro policemen and justices of the peace practically let them do as they pleased. The negro editor, Manly, published the most inflammatory articles abusing white men and insulting white women. Finally, the negroes were secretly organized and armed and met at night in remote places, unoccupied houses and halls, and were rapidly preparing to carry out their threats to "wash their hands in the blood of the white men." The negro nurses were instructed that they had the lives of the white children in their hands, and poison was openly suggested.

In such a state of affairs, what were the white men to do? Everything was in the hands of the negroes; from the Governor of the State down they had the power. The whites paid 95 per cent. of the taxes, and their property and lives were at stake, as well as the safety and honor of their wives and daughters. Their only course was to organize, and this they did thoroughly and openly. Every white man in the city with the exception of fifteen joined the organization, arms were purchased, the men were carefully drilled, each block in the city had its captain, and every precaution was taken to prevent any lawless outbreak. It was this complete organization that prevented rioting and serious loss of life, which would inevitably have occurred had not the whites been thus well in hand. The negro, Manly, was a firebrand, and was ordered to leave the city. He disregarded the warning, and his press was destroyed; the fire was an accident.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have been a subscriber to your paper and have read every number of it for more than a quarter of a century past, and I know from experience that it is an utter impossibility for you to take an impartial view of any question concerning the South. The mere mention of such a question to you is like waving a red rag before a bull. Your correspondent from Geneva has given in his letter the black man's view of the trouble, and I appeal to you to print this brief statement, from the standpoint of the Anglo-Saxon and taken from the impartial sources above mentioned.

Very truly yours,

John T. Mason, R.

Baltimore, November 21, 1898.

[Apart from the political narrative, whose accuracy we do not question, the above account bears all the marks of ante-bellum dread of slave insurrections. But we will ask our correspondent why, on his showing, the shotguns were not levelled at the Governor and the Fusion Legislature?—Ed. Nation.]

TANNER IN ILLINOIS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You were unquestionably mistaken in construing the result of the election in Illinois as a victory for Tanner. The issues in this State were several, and the motives that actuated voters were somewhat complex; but, had Tanner been an issue, the result would never have been in doubt. The Democratic party put itself almost without the pale of civilization by its platforms, both State and local. Not content with reiterating the undying devotion of the party to a multiple unit and an optional standard of value, the following planks were inserted by the architects of the respective platforms:

STATE PLATFORM.

"We demand municipal ownership of all public franchises and all other natural monopolies which of right belong to the people."

"We declare our faith in the initiative and referendum, and demand that steps be taken . . . to secure the same."

"We unequivocally denounce the present civil-service law of this State."

COUNTY PLATFORM.

"We, therefore, demand municipal ownership of all street railways, gas, and electric-lighting facilities, and all other natural monopolies."

"We are opposed to the encroachments made upon . . . industries by the gigantic trusts known as 'Department Stores,' and, in addition to the legislation already enacted by Democratic Assemblies, we pledge ourselves to secure additional legislation or entire obliteration of such illegal and unjust monopolies."

"We pronounce the present civil-service law inefficient, mischievous, and hostile to the regnant principles of popular government, . . . and, believing that this law, an exotic imported from monarchic governments beyond the seas, prevents such responsibility, we demand its repeal."

The State Senators elected this fall, and possibly the Representatives, will vote for a United States Senator to succeed Cullom, and undoubtedly the controlling influence in the choice of members of both houses of the Legislature was the desire to make sure of a United States Senator who would be sound on the financial issue.

As to the State officers voted for, the Republican candidates were elected because of the Democratic platform, though the head of the ticket (the candidate for Treasurer) ran many thousand votes behind his ticket, and was thought at one time to have been defeated, solely because he was reputed to be a friend of Tanner.

Locally, in Cook County, which casts nearly one-half of the vote of the State, and practically decides the election in the State, the Democratic managers not only insulted the decency of the community by the platform from which quotations have been made, but nominated a very disreputable ticket, and then openly announced from the stump that their success meant "five thousand places for the boys."

Surely it is not to be wondered at that we could not be scared into voting for this ill-savored combination by the bogy of Tanner, who was not a candidate, and is so far repudiated by his own party that they dared not have him make a single speech in Cook County during the campaign. Of the twelve judicial candidates voted for recently, one had especially distinguished himself as a vicious and pertinacious enemy of the existing civil-service laws. He was, of course, on the Democratic ticket, and received the lowest vote of any candidate. So, while the election was primarily and principally an expression of opinion on the silver question, it was to a considerable extent also a protest against an attack upon the merit system, just beginning to be well entrenched in this State.

That Tanner was the heaviest millstone about the neck of the Republican party is indicated by a clever ruse of the Democrats, who placarded Chicago on the night before election with lithographs of Tanner bearing the legend, "Vote for me and my administration." Had he been a candidate, we should have seen here a duplication of the result in Minnesota, where a Democrat has been elected Governor by twenty thousand majority, while the balance of the State ticket is Republican by a still greater majority. Illinois has much to blush for, but do not accuse her of having endorsed Tanner at this election, even if Tanner does smirk and say "Thank you" when he hears the returns.

Howard Leslie Smith.

Chicago, November 14, 1898.

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THE PRESIDENTS' MESSAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your conclusions, in the issue of November 10, regarding the Richardson compilation of the Presidents' Messages and Papers are so unjust that I trust you will permit me to make the following explanation:

The last clause of section 1 of the Sundry Civil bill approved June 4, 1897, authorizes the Public Printer to make and deliver to James D. Richardson, the compiler of the messages and papers of the Presidents, without cost to him, duplicate electrotype plates from which the compilation 'Messages and Papers' is printed. Mr. Richardson is probably printing his edition, which so exercised your reporter, from these plates. It is not at all likely they were given him for any other purpose. Mr. Richardson received no other remuneration for the labor expended upon the compilation, and now exercises complete control over the plates received from the Government, and he certainly has the right then to put any value upon them he chooses. No, there's nothing crooked about the Richardson part of it.

The distribution of the document form of the compilation is made strictly according to law from the office of the Superintendent of Documents. Each designated depository is allowed a copy, and every member is allowed a certain quota for gratuitous distribution. The members' quota consumes almost the whole number of copies printed for the House and the Senate, the fraction going by law to the compiler, and the only possible margin there could be for any sale by the Superintendent of Documents is the difference between the whole number of copies allowed him and the number of depositories. The whole number allowed him is 500 copies, and the number of depositories is 458. The few copies which the Superintendent of Documents has on hand, are, I understand, for sale at $9 for the set, between which price and your reporter's estimate there is really not much difference.

Lastly, these volumes are listed in the monthly catalogues of the Superintendent of Documents, not in every monthly catalogue, probably because the aforesaid 'Messages,' etc., is not a monthly publication; but every volume as issued has been recorded in the catalogue with proper bibliographical pains. It has not been included in the Sale List of the Superintendent of Documents for perfectly patent reasons.—Respectfully,

ADELAIDE R. HASSE.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY,
ASTOR BRANCH, November 18, 1898.

[It is the "Richardson part" that seems to us wrong. Why should he have received remuneration for a task which cost him only time willingly given? All other expenses were paid by the Government. Is it fit that the Government should give to private parties duplicate plates without cost to them? If so, all campaign material will soon go through the Government Printing-Office, as much of it now does. Take our instance of the *Maine* report, or a geological report on an important mining district, or the Digest of International Law; would it be right to *give* away plates of these or any other work at public expense? The sale of the 'Messages,' with the active agency behind it, will be large, and, with an edition of only 15,000, Mr. Richardson and his partners will receive more than $200,000 above the cost of printing. Miss Hasse seems to miss the very point we wish to make—that a public man should be above making gains from the public service. Would the same gift have been made to a clerk of the committee on printing?—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Mr. Edwin V. Morgan, M.A., now at work on a history of the diplomatic service of the United States, desires the loan of documents and letters bearing on this subject. He proposes to publish a complete list of all persons who have at any time been employed in any diplomatic capacity, and would be obliged especially for the names and addresses of any persons, or the descendants of any persons, who have served, with or without official nomination, as attachés to legations, or as private secretaries (with diplomatic rank) to a diplomatic representative, since their names do not appear in 'The Official Register.' Address Aurora, Cayuga Lake, N. Y., or Cascadilla Building, Cornell Campus, Ithaca, N. Y.

D. Appleton & Co. are to publish the late Charles A. Dana's 'Recollections of the Civil War,' from *McClure's Magazine*.

Henry Holt & Co. are about to bring out 'A History of English Romanticism in the 18th Century,' by Prof. Henry A. Beers of Yale; and 'Essays on Education,' by the late Francis A. Walker.

'Some Marked Passages,' by Miss Jeanne G. Pennington, a volume of short stories, is announced by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Ginn & Co., Boston, have in preparation 'Heroes of the Middle West,' by Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

'Paris, Known and Unknown,' by William Walton, is to be published in parts by George Barrie & Son, Philadelphia, with one hundred full-page illustrations (some in color), and eight hundred smaller, to a thousand pages of text. The most significant part of the announcement about these is that wood-engraving will be employed almost exclusively. There will also be maps and plans of the city. The size will be small folio.

The first historical Spanish publication on the late war which has caught our attention is 'Combates y Capitulacion de Santiago de Cuba,' by José Muller y Tejeiro, a small quarto, with maps, issued in Madrid (New York: Lemcke & Buechner).

Mr. Luther S. Livingston, editor of 'American Book-Prices Current' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), displays in the issue for September, 1898, a number of praiseworthy innovations by way of betterment of his scheme. One is a reference to previous sales of no fewer than 470 books here itemized; another is an arrangement of the index to exhibit at a glance the demand for American local histories. The war had its natural effect in checking purchases, yet in the late Charles Deane's library the first printed sermon preached in New England fetched $1,000, and Capt. John Smith's 'True Relation' $1,425, while an autograph letter of Governor Bradford to Governor Winthrop sold for $1,030. We remark, for the body of the catalogue, that the Grolier Club's publications fill four pages, and that the first English edition of Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' is in request; a set in cloth going for $19.50 and in half levant morocco for $23.40.

We are inclined to agree with Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole in believing that the edition of FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám which he has just supervised for L. C. Page & Co., Boston, "attains the high-water mark of beauty and convenience." It repeats the Quatrains three times, according to the first, second, and third, fourth and fifth editions. In the last combination the variants are given on the reverse of the leaf preceding the text, which is throughout printed on the right-hand page. Mr. Dole furnishes a brief bibliographical introduction, a chronological table, and a comparative table for the numbering of the Quatrains. Add a rich binding, and the cup might seem full, but a portrait of FitzGerald has been provided, together with twelve illustrations by Gilbert James and Edmund H. Garrett. These are frankly inharmonious, Mr. James resorting to a Persian decorative style, resembling tapestry, while Mr. Garrett's idealizations are Western and romantic. However, they do not fight each other, and together enhance the embellishment of a very praiseworthy publication.

Miss Austen's star is still in the ascendant, and the reading public is ready to absorb the new edition of her 'Emma' brought out in London by George Allen and in New York by Frederick A. Stokes Co. It is in one volume, of condensed but clear and handsome typography, has a pleasing introduction by Joseph Jacobs, and plentiful pen illustrations, by Chris Hammond, that suggest the spirit of the age of the story while ornamenting the page. The book is tastefully bound and is to be commended without reserve.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. celebrate the quarter-century of Gen. Wallace's 'The Fair God' in a reissue in two volumes of much elegance, profusely ornamented and illustrated by Eric Pape. It is emphatically this artist's edition; and to fit himself for the task, he has resorted to travel and to study in museums and libraries in the spirit of the author himself. His work divides itself into two classes, viz., head and tailpieces and initial letters generally derived from Aztec designs or antiquities, but often from natural products or scenery; and full-page imaginative drawings pertinent to the story. Not a few of the latter are striking, as was to be expected from Mr. Pape, but their realism pales beside that of the little pieces just enumerated which very quaintly and fittingly accompany the text as "atmosphere" or "local color." The initials, in particular, in red and black, are as a whole delightful. It is safe to say that all admirers of this historical novel will be more than satisfied with the results achieved by artist and publishers.

More interesting, to our mind, and as a whole more beautiful, is the same firm's new 'House of the Seven Gables,' also in two volumes, illustrated by Misses Maude and Genevieve Cowles. The clever headpieces have not demanded a glossy paper, and the other designs are full-page. These are not wholly devoid of amateurishness, and are of uneven excellence, but they are conscientious reconstructions of the past, and are at their best in the "square and sturdy little urchin" (not very sturdy) pushing in the door (i., 80), "Patrons and superiors" (i., 86), "I am your kinsman" (i., 196), and "A mystery about the picture" (ii., 208). The sum total is that another success has been scored.

'The Last of the Mohicans,' a handsome

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impression in two volumes (Macmillan), invites attention on account of its colored illustrations, by H. M. Brock. These, not challenging criticism as a realistic endeavor, have an exotic quality which answers very well the simple requirements of the absorbed novel reader. They brighten the page and portray consistently the leading situations of the narrative.

Encouraged by the success last year of his 'Sunlight and Shadow,' Mr. W. I. Lincoln Adams has brought out more "chapters on pictorial photography," under the title, 'In Nature's Image' (Baker & Taylor Co.). It is distinguished from the foregoing by dealing especially with figure work, by itself and in connection with landscape. As before, the text is accompanied by a large number of well-chosen photographic examples, many of them familiar to readers of the *Photographic Times*.

Mr. C. M. Skinner's 'Myths and Legends beyond Our Borders' (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.) is a neat and agreeable little volume, dealing with Canadian and Mexican folk-lore. There are 65 of the Canadian tales and 40 of the Mexican—each occupying on the average about three pages—and occasionally a short story or an historical incident is interspersed with the legends. Mr. Skinner writes smoothly and is well informed, though not absolutely accurate in all respects. We can commend his book to tourists and to those who take pleasure in collecting ancient traditions. It is illustrated by four small but very pleasing plates.

In 'Upper Canada Sketches' (Toronto: William Briggs) Mr. Thomas Conant tells us a good deal about his own family, and something about life along the shores of Lake Ontario since the early part of the century. He is descended from a Loyalist, who became prosperous by trading with the Indians on the one hand and with the merchants of Montreal on the other. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Conant is thus by origin closely identified with the region whose progress he traces, his book possesses little more than local interest. This is partly due to the author's lack of literary skill and partly to the complacency of his tone. The text, like the chromolithographs which accompany it, presents a gaudier hue than one cares to encounter in the case of such a subject.

The thick quarto volume of 'Prominent Families of New York' (New York: The Historical Company) admits rather more than the proverbial élite of 400. Its annals fill 636 pages, and in its equal sky each family must content itself with a page—with rare exception with two pages. Its scheme is simple except the principle of selection, which in the nature of the case is somewhat arbitrary. A representative of a given family is allowed, subject to the Procrustean measure, to tell what he can of his pedigree and of himself. This may not be all authentic, but most of it may be taken for genuine belief and supposed knowledge, and will furnish a very good starting-point for posterity. The autobiographers' opinion of their own importance, as occasionally manifested in other ways than family pride, will pass for what it is worth, and will cause no genealogical disturbance whatever. The volume is beautifully and liberally printed and fully indexed.

There are no portraits in the work just described, but these cut a large figure in 'The Second City of the World' (New York: The Republic Press), a quarto volume in commemoration of the creation of Greater New York. There is some history of the movement leading up to the consolidation we now deplore, and of the charter-making; but narrative slides off readily into biography, obviously authorized, and biography demands (if it does not always get) a portrait, and the portrait once at least degenerates into an unblushing business advertisement. When we have our Greater New York fairly set running by the historian, we are treated to a chapter on the judicial system of the metropolis, followed oddly by one on "the origin and development of mercantile accounting as a degreed profession" among us, and by one on the practice of medicine. This queer collocation implies other volumes in continuance: more sketches, more self-puffing, more vignette or full-page portraiture, and another index of names.

Stark's 'Jamaica Guide' (Boston) is a very useful and entertaining specimen of the modern illustrated guide-book. Mr. Stark, though a life-long resident of Boston, is an Englishman by birth, and naturally has an interest in these islands which have so long remained under British control. He has already published guide-books to the other islands, as Barbados, the Bahamas, and Trinidad, which we have before reviewed. The present one on Jamaica is perhaps the best of the series. It gives a sufficient résumé of the history of the island, together with a thorough sketch of the present state of social conditions there, as well as of the topography and natural features. Mr. Stark does not disguise the fact that the prosperity of all these West Indian islands ceased with England's magnificent gift of freedom to the slaves, but he looks forward to the time when other colonists will people these fertile lands, and a renewed civilization will stimulate industry. His books have been favorably received in England, and, best of all, have been praised by the local journals, the best judges of the entire accuracy of his work.

P. A. Lambert's 'Differential and Integral Calculus for Technical Schools and Colleges' (Macmillan) deserves mention for the remarkable power of condensation which it shows. Power of condensation in such a subject is a power of thought that breeds a similar power in the student. Substantially all that is practically needed of the calculus, in any ordinary application of it, is brought within the compass of a small volume, with an ample sufficiency of examples, many of which are practically instructive.

The *Geographical Journal* for November opens with Prince Albert of Monaco's interesting account of his observations during the past fifteen years on the currents, depth, pressure, temperature, density, light, and biology of the North Atlantic, with pictures of his floats, dredges, traps, and some of the deep-sea animals. In a suggestive though brief reference to the question of light and vision in the depth of the sea, he says that it seems certain that many animals are able to store light up "by means of special organs which serve them as lanterns, and to transport it, as it were, throughout the sea." "Some there are, too, which can receive luminous perceptions by means other than eyes properly so called." One of his finds was a "rare annelid, several inches in length, which is so transparent that when placed in a glass basin under the rays of a powerful electric lamp, its presence can only be detected by the disturbance its progress creates in the crowd of other animals; it is discovered, as astronomers discover a star, by the perturbations it brings in its neighborhood." The description by Mr. E. A. Fitz-Gerald of his expedition to Aconcagua in the southern Andes, the ascent of which ranks among the highest climbs on record, contains some interesting facts showing the effects of the rarity of the air at a great height on the human frame. An account of the navigable rivers and projected railways of China, by Mr. G. G. Chisholm, is accompanied by a useful reference-map showing the density of population, mineral resources, chief products, principal trade routes, existing and projected railways, and inland navigation. It is noteworthy that among the minerals, which include coal, both anthracite and bituminous, in vast quantities and mostly of excellent quality, iron, copper, silver, tin, and lead, there is no mention of gold.

The Royal Geographical Society has published separately the report of the Royal Society's Antarctic Conference held in February, with an introduction by Sir C. R. Markham and Mr. J. G. Bartholomew's admirable map, under the title, "Antarctic Exploration: A Plea for a National Expedition."

Whoever gratefully remembers the labors of François Buloz should not neglect to read Mlle. Blaze de Bury's "Sixty Years of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*" in the October *Cosmopolis*. Much more might have been made of the subject, but the article contains enough in the way of reminiscences and observations concerning the founder and the staff of the *Revue*, and its history in general outline. Buloz's firm adherence to principle is perhaps best illustrated by the course he pursued under the Empire: he personally liked Napoleon III., but "at once ceased his visits to St. Cloud when he realized the nature of the ascendancy exercised." In the same number we remark two articles on Nietzsche and recent Nietzsche literature, one in English, by Mr. John G. Robertson, the other in French, by Stanislas Rzewuski. They indicate that the interest in the philosopher is kept alive in his native country as well as in France, where, however, translations of his most important works are as yet wanting, but a noteworthy treatise on his philosophy, by Prof. Lichtenberger, has recently made its appearance. Among the numerous German publications in question Mr. Robertson finds little of permanent value, aside from Prof. Alois Riehl's Friedrich Nietzsche, der Künstler und der Denker,' and, of course, 'Das Leben Friedrich Nietzsche's,' by Frau Förster, the poet-philosopher's devoted sister, so far as it has yet appeared.

One of the causes of the decadence of the Spanish power keeps forcing itself on the mind as one reads Count de Moüy's articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he tells the tragical story of Joanna's insanity. Though rendered comparatively harmless during her life-time by a captivity of nearly fifty years at Tordesillas, that unfortunate Princess transmitted to her offspring those mental defects and weaknesses which, being propagated by several generations of rulers, became the instrument of the ruin of Spanish prosperity. M. José-Maria de Pereda's serial 'Sotileza,' also in the *Revue*, deals almost exclusively with the lower and lowest classes in a Spanish seaport town, but is not repulsively realistic, and contains interest-

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ing character-studies and psychological problems.

Unless imposture receives substantial encouragement, it is difficult to account for the offer at private sale of another instalment of the so-called "Trumbull Revolutionary Relics." No evidence exists of Trumbull's having such a collection, and the history given of the relics is so doubtful that it cannot be regarded for a moment. The sketches were proof that Trumbull could never have made them, while the subjects were impossible either for art or for history. The public is now asked to purchase a "miniature" by John Trumbull of his "signing of the Declaration of Independence," and a series of nine miniature portraits of Washington copied by Trumbull from other artists. To such gems may be added a portrait of Washington by Smybert, painted in 1750 (!), and a colored portrait of Betty Washington. These are only a part of the relics offered, but they are sufficient to characterize properly the collection. We note, by the way, that an English bookseller is trying to dispose of the brain, some hair, and a wax impression of the face of Thomas Paine, while the happy possessor of Washington's teeth is looking for some institution in the United States where they may be valued.

—Mr. Edward Stanwood's 'History of the Presidency' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), though based upon his well-known 'History of Presidential Elections,' is practically a new book. A comparison of the two shows extensive changes, especially in the earlier portions. In the 'History of Presidential Elections,' the treatment of the subject, down to the close of the administration of John Quincy Adams, was extremely brief, and, save for its statistical and documentary matter, without notable features. Recent years, however, have seen the publication of a great amount of material relating to this period; and Mr. Stanwood has been able thoroughly to reconstruct this part of his work, and thereby to give to its presentation a relative interest and importance much beyond that exhibited in his earlier work. The changes in the treatment of the period from 1829 onward are less fundamental; but a page-by-page comparison reveals innumerable minor alterations. As examples, we note the fuller statement, still too brief, of the policies of Congress and the President in regard to the seceded States (ch. xxiii.), the apology for Belknap (p. 357), the defence of Blaine (p. 362), and the more extended account of the rise of the Greenback movement (pp. 365, 366). Of a different sort are the expansion of chapter i., on the electoral system, to thrice its original size; a new chapter (xiv.) on the convention system, with which Mr. Bryce's two chapters on the same subject may profitably be compared; and the addition, in place of the former appendix on the conventions of 1892, of two chapters on Mr. Cleveland's second administration and the free-silver campaign. Many of the chapter-titles have also been changed, apparently in the interest of greater vividness. For the rest, the 'History of the Presidency' has the same qualities of accuracy and impartiality which distinguished its predecessor; while the fuller treatment gives to the narrative a continuity and effectiveness which the earlier work did not always possess. The new book will supersede the old one, and, like it, will be indispensable.

—The success of Frederick Remington as joint author and illustrator in 'Pony Tracks' has led him to publish a companion volume of 'Crooked Trails' (R. H. Russell). For all its forty-nine drawings (of which most are spirited) and a style Muybridgesque as its horses, the second book lacks the impulse and the ponderability of the first. Of its ten headings only one—"A Sergeant of the Orphan Troop"—is up to stature. The rest are too tenuous, though full of Mr. Remington's "bead," to merit book form. The artist has a keen eye and ready hand for certain picturesquenesses, and a snapshot style which at its best is hardly less effective than his drawing. It is at his worst that he falls into such an expression as "Physically, Nature had slobbered all over Carter Johnson." There are not so many blunders of Spanish as in 'Pony Tracks'—perhaps because there is less matter wherein they might occur. "Ley de huga," however, for *ley de fuga;* "ladigo," for *látigo;* "serapes," for *zarapes;* "Cammelo," for Camilo; and "jacails" for *jacales*—are all errors that could have been avoided simply by consulting a dictionary. *Tegua* (rough moccasin), which Mr. Remington or the compositor spells "tequa," is one of the hundreds of Spanish Americanisms which, though centuries in use, are not yet included in Spanish dictionaries. There is need of a work which shall hoard up these interesting coinages of the first American frontiers. Mr. Remington's illustration is too familiar to require comment from the artistic point of view. Ethnographically, however, a serious criticism lies. His Western impressions seem to have been, first and deepest, of the Northwest. His Indian is a Sioux—at least a Plains Indian. The autograph of a thousand years of household is illegible to him on a Pueblo face. Apache, Tarahumar, Querés, Ute—all tribes are to him "just Indian." The same curious loyalty to the first impressive type seen runs through his Western horses. They are all the mongrel frost-bitten, peaked cayuse of the Northwest. The real "mustang" (*mesteño*), with all the head and limbs of his Arab blood, and only the rough coat to show for his naturalization of three centuries and a half in the Southwest, has no place in Mr. Remington's "cavoyard."

—Col. Henry Inman's 'Santa Fé Trail' had—despitefully as it entreated the English and Spanish languages and the history of the Southwest prior to 1825—certain substantial worth as unkempt but sincere contemporary chronicle of a significant epoch in our development. So much cannot be said for two later volumes from his stimulated pen; they seem mere camp-followers of the better book. 'Tales of the Trail' (Topeka, Kan.: Crane & Co.) adds nothing to wisdom and little to entertainment. Of its thirteen headings, at least three are warmed over from the 'Santa Fé Trail,' and increased by nothing but words. The closing chapter, charging Custer with suicide, is gratuitous. No evidence is adduced to warrant the airing of a private notion so damaging; and the attempt to argue it from the Indian standpoint might well have been left to such as know Indians more accurately. 'The Ranche on the Oxhide' (Macmillan), an early Kansas story for boys and girls, shows how a story should not be told for any one. With abundant incident (mostly exciting, *per se*, and mostly typical), sympathy is smothered by a perfunctory telling. More lamentable English it would be hard to find between book-covers; and while the author's facts are far more wakeful than his style, they sometimes nod in sympathy. One must ponder, for instance, what piano-wires the man and wolf were sinewed withal between whom, hand to hand, "the struggle lasted for several hours." Nor should a veteran of the frontier assiduously misspell "bronco."

—A difference of taste in selections from the best authors is a severe strain on the virtue of impartiality, and the compiler of an anthology may count on the dissatisfaction of the intelligent section of his public. He may be sure that the merest survey of his carefully chosen passages will leave every critical reader in the frame of mind indicated by Goncourt when he said that the last word of all literary discussion is merely this, "J'ai plus de goût que vous." Mr. A. J. George, the author of 'From Chaucer to Arnold; Types of Literary Art' (Macmillan), needs all the courage of his tastes when he claims that his 620 pages are "fairly representative of the best to be found in English literary art from Chaucer to Arnold." Such a book, containing the precious life-blood of all those master-spirits in prose and verse, would indeed be a possession for ever, as Thucydides boasted of his history, and not the rhetorical triumph of an hour. Mr. George has not achieved the impossible, but his book will be read with profit by English-literature classes, for which it is primarily intended, and it would be out of place to cavil at so meritorious an attempt to lure the youthful mind to general reading by means of engaging extracts. We question whether a due sense of literary proportion will be implanted by the "Messages" prefixed to the selections, wherein Mr. George persuades his readers to the love of books by quotations on the pleasures of reading from Milton to Hamilton Mabie. The introduction is hardly plain-spoken enough for the youthful; it is uncertain whether anything will be conveyed to the unsophisticated mind by the saying that "song springs full-formed from the rugged soil upturned by the rustic Ploughman on the Ayrshire Hills, and the Modern Period has begun, the mission of which is to teach how verse may build a princely throne on humble truth" (p. xi). But, to do Mr. George justice, there is not much of this pure literary gorgeousness. His notes are clear and adequate, and the bibliographies attached in the case of each author are useful. The book suffers from careless proofreading; such slips as "Posey" for "Poesy" (p. xii) and "Fichtie" for "Fichte" (p. xvii) offend the most casual eye. The title is unfortunate, since it suggests biography and in no way suits an anthology.

—Mr. Percy Pinkerton and Mr. J. H. Ashworth have prepared for the press a new edition, in two volumes, of 'The Reign of Terror' (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.). The work is also called on the title-page "A Collection of Authentic Narratives of the Horrors committed by the Revolutionary Government of France under Marat and Robespierre, written by Eye-Witnesses of the Scenes." The present edition is confessedly based on that brought out in England in 1826; and, considered as a contribution to historical scholarship, it is very badly done. For instance, there is no suitable criticism of the sources whence the passages come, and a great many archaic or obsolete notes

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are retained. Such a sentence as the following, clearly taken over from the original English preface without any revision whatever, appears in the preface: "A series of events, apparently fortuitous, but marking the special finger of Providence, concurred to his being saved." An amusing feature of the work is the so-called "Note of the Editors." This species of statement appears at the bottom of many pages, and is usually ridiculous, if we are to consider that it proceeds from modern Americans. Thus, in the note to p. 16, vol. i.: "Arms were given to them, and it seemed to be the design to direct them towards the places which were occupied by the enemies. . . . The tocsin which the prisoners heard, these drums which were beating, were, in the opinion of all, except the assassins, the signal of the dangers of the country, and not the command for carnage. The French doubtlessly [*sic*] thought that they were marching against a foreign enemy," etc. The preface announces that some "tedious or uninteresting matter" has been excised from the former edition; and that a new piece relating to the "Republican Marriages" at Nantes has been added. On turning to p. 171, vol. ii., where the new excerpt appears, one finds neither a single word of explanation as to the origin of the fragment, nor even a "Note of the Editors." Moreover, the passage in question is a very disgusting one. Turning once more to the preface, we are told that "the fate of the Princesse de Lamballe was accompanied by atrocities which the mind can hardly conceive, and which the pen refuses to trace." Yet a footnote to this sentence runs: "Vide Appendix, Note A." On consulting this reference, one finds in detail the atrocities "which the pen refuses to trace," and which the pen should actually have refused to trace. In short, this is a very poor edition of a disagreeable work.

—A recent reunion in this city of former companions who, more than forty years ago, were students at the Georg-Augusts University at Göttingen, was an interesting and notable event. The occasion was a dinner, given for the purpose of bringing together as many as possible of the men who were students at Göttingen during 1855-1856, with a few of earlier and a considerable number of later dates. Three contemporaries of the first period—J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles F. Chandler, and James D. Hague—now find themselves, after an interval of forty-three years, residents of New York and members of the Metropolitan Club, of which Mr. Morgan is the President. These three jointly invited all others of the company to meet at a dinner, which was accordingly given at the same club, on Saturday, November 12. On that occasion thirty-six men sat down together, of whom more than half had been students at Göttingen prior to 1858. The company included distinguished representatives from more than a dozen of the universities, colleges, and scientific schools of this country, notable among them being Prof. Mallet (1851) of the University of Virginia, Profs. Goodwin (1853), Smith (1865), and Royce (1875) of Harvard, Prof. Harkness (1854) of Brown, Profs. Chandler (1854) and Burgess (1871) of Columbia, Profs. Caldwell (1855) and Hart (1861) of Cornell, Prof. Packard (1857) of Princeton, Prof. Harris (1857) of Amherst, Profs. Sumner (1864) and Schwab (1889) of Yale, Prof. Remsen (1868) of Johns Hopkins, Prof. Smyth (1880) of Bryn Mawr, besides several more who have been professors in other universities, technical schools, or institutions of learning. The remainder included a considerable number of men who have had more or less distinguished careers as lawyers, doctors, geologists, chemists, and metallurgists, as well as in literary, industrial, financial, and commercial pursuits. There was a notable scarcity of clergymen, artists, and journalists. In addition to the thirty-six actually present, there were sixteen more, in the list of invited guests, who were unable to attend, some highly distinguished, notable among these being Prof. Gildersleeve (1851) of Johns Hopkins University.

—With the menu of the dinner was printed not only a list containing the names of those present or invited, but also one, entitled "In Memoriam," recalling the names of eminent Americans who were students in Göttingen at a much earlier period. Conspicuous among these are Everett (1815), Ticknor (1815), Bancroft (1817), Longfellow (1829), and Motley (1832). The last-named was contemporary with Bismarck, and it was at Göttingen that the intimate friendship between these two men, which has since been often mentioned in their lives and letters, began. Of later dates in the list are the names of Gould, Child, and Lane, all men of eminent careers, the first-named in astronomy, the other two as professors of languages and literature at Harvard University. Some names of lesser note complete a total of twenty-three, beneath which is pictured a crown with the name of Fritz Bettmann, in memory of the celebrated inn at Göttingen, the "Krone," and its well-remembered jovial host, the good and much-loved friend of all American students there during his time. A book has been kept in Göttingen, during many years, in which are recorded the names of all Americans who have studied there. They number several hundred, including many women, upon one, at least, of whom, Miss Margaret E. Maltby, the University not long ago conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Another book, entitled "What Becomes of Us," records from time to time whatever transpires concerning the Americans who have been students at Göttingen. A copy of this book, recently received here, contains 225 names of men, hardly less than two-thirds of whom are now or have been professors in American universities and colleges throughout the country, from Maine to California, and from Texas to Washington. We may add that the dining-room was beautifully decorated with German and American flags and colors, some of them specially brought from Göttingen. The table was covered with chrysanthemums, yellow and white, the colors of Hanover. The busts of Bismarck and Franklin, with those of other eminent Americans, were placed among the palms and floral decorations of the apartment. A notable incident was the presence at the dinner of nine men who had been part of a company of fourteen who, forty-three years ago, in 1855, on the 4th of July, dined together at Göttingen in celebration of the national holiday.

RECENT BRITISH POETRY.

"Delicacy is the poet's El Dorado," said Edgar Allan Poe, taking, it may be, the phrase from Joubert (*Où il n'y a pas de délicatesse, il n'y a pas de littérature*), since Mr. Stedman thinks that Poe was acquainted with Joubert, then little read. The quality which is thus praised has been somewhat thrown into the background among recent poets between the influence of Whitman in America and that of Kipling in England; the chief quality just now demanded of the bard being that he should appear "robustious" and not mince matters. It is so far recognized in criticism, also, that Mr. Henley is applauded by many for having gone through the life of Robert Burns stamping out, as if with hob-nailed shoes, every vestige of delicacy from his muse, giving us the peasant, but omitting the poet. Burns, the vulgar village Lothario, he recognizes, but ignores the Burns who could extract from those low amours anything so exquisite as "Here's a Health to Thee, Jessie," or

> "As in the bosom o' the stream
> The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
> Sae trembling, pure, was tender love
> Within the breast o' Bonnie Jean."

Mr. Henley has now published his own 'Poems' (Scribners), and they give a curious impression of his successive phases. His original volume, 'A Book of Verses,' was one from which he should have gained permanent fame, especially by his poems called "In Hospital." There exists perhaps in literature no such marvellous series of personal descriptions. Every attendant, every patient, every physician around him is delineated in a dozen or fourteen lines as if Meissonier had painted them. The present volume, however, though it includes these, is largely a series of imitations, conscious or unconscious, now of Arnold, now of Heine, till he finally settles down upon Kipling. This is not so objectionable where he has simply followed well enough the forms of Kipling's verse, as in the following (p. 211):

> "Bent upon vast beginnings, bidding anarchy cease—
> (Had we hacked it to the Pit, we had left it a place of peace!)—
>
> "Marching, building, sailing, pillar of cloud or fire,
> Sons of the Will, we fought the fight of the Will, our sire.
>
> "Road was never so rough that we left its purpose dark;
> Stark was ever the sea, but our ships were yet more stark;
>
> "We tracked the winds of the world to the steps of their very thrones;
> The secret parts of the world were salted with our bones;
>
> "Till now the name of names, England, the name of might.
> Flames from the austral bounds to the ends of the boreal night."

This is so like Kipling that it might be mistaken for his. As such it is well done, but the more serious difficulty is that in his strongest original poems Mr. Henley often gives us the strength of a costermonger, not of a poet. When he writes (p. 119),

> "In the fell clutch of circumstance
> I have not winced nor cried aloud.
> Under the bludgeonings of chance
> My head is bloody, but unbowed,"

he writes what Kipling might have written, but Shelley never; though Shelley was a stronger man, judged by his work, than either of these two modern poets. Indeed, Mr. Henley carries out his theory so frankly that his whole poem, "The New Adam" (p. 223), is a long burlesque upon anything like refinement in human emotion; and the whole improvisation, "A Desolate Shore" (p. 214), is a grisly and detestable portrayal of the moon and the ocean, as two foul and battered tramps, plotting secret murder—thus smirching one of the noblest scenes in nature with the associations of London crime. Fortunately Mr. Henley is saved at last by the two deepest experiences that can

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come to a man of his temperament, marriage and parentage; and a poem like the following redeems many sins against good taste and refined feeling (p. 239):

MARGARET EMMA HENLEY.
(1888-1894.)

When you wake in your crib,
You, an inch of experience,
Vaulted about
With the wonder of darkness;
Wailing and striving
To reach from your feebleness
Something you feel
Will be good to and cherish you,
Something you know
And can rest upon blindly:
O, then a hand
(Your mother's, your mother's!)
By the fall of its fingers
All knowledge, all power to you,
Out of the dreary,
Discouraging strangenesses
Comes to and masters you,
Takes you, and lovingly
Woos and soothes you
Back, as you cling to it,
Back to some comforting
Corner of sleep.
So you wake in your bed,
Having lived, having loved:
But the shadows are there,
And the world and its kingdoms
Incredibly faded;
And you grope through the Terror
Above you and under
For the light, for the warmth,
The assurance of life;
But the blasts are ice-born,
And your heart is nigh burst
With the weight of the gloom
And the stress of your strangled
And desperate endeavor:
Sudden a hand—
Mother, O Mother!—
God at His best to you,
Out of the roaring,
Impossible silences,
Falls on and urges you,
Mightily, tenderly,
Forth, as you clutch at it,
Forth to the infinite
Peace of the Grave.

Still more impressive, and likely to sink into many hearts, is this last poem of the book, taking us on to the end of the child-life:

EPILOGUE.

These, to you now, O, more than ever now,
Now that the Antient Enemy
Has passed, and we, we two that are one, have seen
A piece of perfect Life
Turn to so ravishing a shape of Death
The Arch-Discomforter might well have smiled
In pity and pride.
Even as he bore his lovely and innocent spoil
From those home-kingdoms he left desolate!

Poor windlestraws
On the great, sullen, roaring pool of Time
And Chance and Change, I know!
But they are yours, as I am, till we attain
That end for which we make, we two that are one:
A little, exquisite Ghost
Between us, smiling with the serenest eyes
Seen in this world, and calling, calling still
In that clear voice whose infinite subtleties
Of sweetness, thrilling back across the grave,
Break the poor heart to hear:
"Come, Dadsie, come!
Mamma, how long—how long?"

Mr. A. Conan Doyle, yielding to a successful man's inclination for finding new worlds to conquer, has published a volume of 'Songs of Action' (Doubleday). They are such songs as have appeared here and there in his novels—songs of the sea, the army, the mines, and the hunting-field; all spirited in their way, but never quite stirring the blood. That which comes nearest to this influence, perhaps because it deals with the mildest theme, is this golf song, which in the infancy of that particular muse may be worth quoting (p. 48):

A LAY OF THE LINKS.

It's up and away for our work to-day,
For the breeze sweeps over the down;
And it's hey for a game where the gorse blossoms flame,
And the bracken is bronzing to brown.
With the turf 'neath our tread and the blue overhead,
And the song of the lark in the whin;
There's the flag and the green, with the bunkers between—
Now will you be over or in?

The doctor may come, and we'll teach him to know
A tee where no tannin can lurk;
The soldier may come, and we'll promise to show
Some hazards a soldier may shirk.
The statesman may joke, as he tops every stroke,
That at last he is high in his aims;
And the clubman will stand with a club in his hand
That is worth every club in St. James'.

The palm and the leather come rarely together,
Gripping the driver's haft,
And it's good to feel the jar of the steel
And the spring of the hickory shaft.
Why trouble or seek for the praise of a clique?—
A cleek here is common to all;
And the lie that might sting as a very small thing
When compared with the lie of the ball.

Come youth and come age, from the study or stage,
From Bar or from Bench—high and low!
A green you must use as a cure for the blues—
You must drive them away as you go.
We're outward bound on a long, long round,
And it's time to be up and away:
If worry and sorrow come back with the morrow,
At least we'll be happy to-day.

Far superior to this mere experiment of a successful novelist is the genuine work, warm from the heart, of the actual sailor. Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, author of 'Songs of Sea and Sail' (The Rudder Publishing Co.), is unquestionably English, although now sailing (pp. 26, 57) from American ports; and he has done the task which was waiting for some one to do it; he has bridged the transition from sail to steam, and written the epitaph of the old British sailor. He finds "no life, no beauty" in the great modern battle-ships, "those hideous forms of steel." He makes his shipmates talk, as they pace the bridge (p. 27),

"Of the sailing ship as she yet survives,
Of rigs we never shall see again,
Of inventions that save our seamen's lives,
And murder the breed of sailor men."

Then he bursts into this fine lyric, worth, to our ear, many Kipling ditties (p. 63):

THE SAILOR OF THE SAIL.

I sing the Sailor of the Sail, breed of the oaken heart,
Who drew the world together and spread our race apart,

Whose conquests are the measure of thrice the ocean's girth,
Whose trophies are the nations that necklace half the earth.

Lord of the Bunt and Gasket, and Master of the Yard,
To whom no land was distant, to whom no sea was barred;

Who battled with the current; who conquered with the wind;
Who shaped the course before him by the wake he threw behind;

Who burned in twenty climates; who froze in twenty seas;
Who crept the shore of Labrador and flash'd the Caribbees;

Who followed Drake; who fought with Blake; who broke the bar of Spain,
And who gave to timid traffic the freedom of the main;

. . . . . .

To whom all things were barter—slaves, spices, gold, and gum;
Who gave his life for glory; who sold his soul for rum—

I sing him, and I see him as only those can see
Who stake their lives to fathom that solveless mystery;

Who on the space of waters have fought the killing gale,
Have heard the crying of the spar, the moaning of the sail;

Who never see the ocean but that they feel its hand
Clutch like a siren at the heart to drag it from the land.

I see him in the running, when seas would overwhelm,
Lay breathing hard along the yard and sweating at the helm.

. . . . . .

I see him drunk and fighting roll through some seaboard town,
When those who own and rob him take to the street and frown.

O Sovereign of the Boundless! O Bondsman of the Wave!
Who made the world dependent, yet lived and died a slave.

In Britain's vast Valhalla, where sleep her worst and best—
Where is the grave she made you—your first and final rest?

Beneath no stone or trophy, beneath no minster tower,
Lie those who gave her Empire, who stretched her arm to power.

Below those markless pathways where commerce shapes the trail,
Unsung, unrung, forgotten, sleeps the Sailor of the Sail.

We have before had occasion to speak of the thoughtful and earnest poetic work of Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts, whose new volume, 'The Revelation of St. Love the Divine' (London: Lane), is perplexing the critics. The name cannot, on the whole, be pronounced fortunate; like the book itself, it employs too many words and does not make itself quite clear enough. In more than a hundred pages Mr. Money-Coutts has not really said more than Professor Seeley put into a single phrase: "No heart is pure that is not passionate," or than Mrs. Browning wrote, with heroic purity, in the four lines which the author of this book takes as his motto:

"I comprehend a love so fiery hot
It burns its natural veil of august shame,
And stands sublimely in the nude, as chaste
As Medicean Venus."

The whole 'Revelation' is based upon the attitude that asceticism is wrong, celibacy is wrong, and all but steady mutual love is wrong; and this the poet urges again and again in varied forms, with perfect purity of thought and utterance, yet with too little concentration and sometimes with too little clearness (p. 30):

The mind that loves not leans to lust;
Impassioned minds alone are pure:
They loathe to turn their wine to must;
They guard the vintage, safe and sure.

Not instantly they find their flower,
Unsatisfied with easy goal;
But when they find her, hour by hour
They live to learn her, soul to soul.

Stern chastity let others feel;
Strong principle let others prate:
No blast of impulse makes them reel,
From laws of lust emancipate.

No stranger woman lures or frights
Their fancy; they are fancy-free;
For knowing Love, they know delights
More pure than boasted purity.

. . . . . .

I know no more lascivious sight
Than Parsifal before the walls
Of Klingsor's castle; and no light
Corrupter than from Wagner falls.

An honest man, who loved his dame,
His bride, or mistress, could have riven
An easier passage through that flame
Of flaunting courtesans to heaven!

Not his to parley with those fairs,
To palter with their beckoning eyes,
Or dream of bartering for such wares
His own unpurchasable prize!

No chrismed spear need Manhood crave,
To pierce the enchanter Folly's pale:
He cleaves with Passion's trenchant glaive
His path to Love, the only Grail.

It is sometimes surprising that an author who is capable of being so terse and vigorous should yield himself so readily to what the reader pronounces repetition and dilution, or what he finds too abstract and perplexing. Yet his intense and high-minded earnestness makes itself felt through everything, and so does the serious modesty of his conclusion (p. 104):

"I close, and yet I have not said
The things I give my life to say,

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O subtle tint! O subtle shade!
O glory still so far away!

"But not of sunset; no! more white,
More solemn, o'er the World's dark hill
Bosoms the tide of living light,
Of perfect Passion, perfect will."

With Mr. Money-Coutts's volume arrives also one inscribed to him, 'Poems,' by Ernest Hartley Coleridge (Lane), and including also a sonnet addressed to the same friend. Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge is already well known by the edition of Byron to which he has contributed so much, and also by a rich volume of his grandfather's notes on books. The present thin volume is a delightful indication of the hereditary gift, and if it has not the wonderful power of the elder Coleridge or the occasional exquisite beauty of Hartley Coleridge's verse, it yet escapes the shadow of sadness which hung over both those gifted men. The present author is, as we understand, the son of Derwent, though he bears the name of his uncle. He has eminently a claim to furnish the following lines (p. 76):

INSCRIPTION FOR THE "COLERIDGE COTTAGE," AT NETHER STOWEY.

Stranger, beneath this roof in bygone days
Dwelt Coleridge. Here he sang his witching lays
Of that strange Mariner, and what befell,
In mystic hour, the Lady Christabel.
And here what time the summer breeze flew free
Came Lamb, the gentle-hearted child of glee;
Here Wordsworth came, and wild-eyed Dorothy!
Now all is silent, but the taper light
Which from these cottage windows shone at night,
Hath streamed afar. To these great souls was given
A double portion of the Light of Heaven!

This "streamed afar" is taken from a letter by the elder Coleridge to John Thelwall (Dec. 17, 1796), in which he said, "The light shall stream to a far distance from my cottage window." The graceful and loving prattle of this description of a child seems to indicate that Mr. E. H. Coleridge looks forward as well as backward (p. 20):

O DEA CERTE.

First and foremost in the list
Of what's fashioned to be kist
Comes a wee and winsome thing,
Whom 'tis fated I should sing;
Half of sunbeam, half of air,
Quaint and saucy, free and fair,
Seen through mist of golden hair.
With a lip that nothing is
But an everlasting kiss;
Hath a score of pretty wiles,
And an armory of smiles;
Eyes that shoot a thousand glances,
Quicker than the sunlight dances;
Dewy eyes of radiant mirth,
Eyes not wholly used to earth,
That espy with fond delight
Vision hid from duller sight;
Ask her what that vision be,
She will laugh aloud for glee;
Loving is she spite herself,
Pretty, little, pranking elf!
And she loves me, therefore I
Sing her praise eternally.

'Ireland, with Other Poems,' by Lionel Johnson (London: Mathews), adds another to that distinctively Celtic library of passionate and ideal poetry which is unquestionably the most interesting thing in current British literature, and is the best antidote to the purely robustious. To open one of Mr. Johnson's volumes is to peep into some cloister of the middle ages, full of sacred associations and sweet remembrance; while even his favorite habit of inscribing each poem to the name of some human friend affects one like the shields of successive knights hung here and there among the cloisters. Yet it is fine to see how the mediæval quality of Mr. Johnson's genius is untainted by bitter partisan judgments: there are few tributes to Cromwell, for instance, which weigh in so delicate a balance his good and evil as this delineation by one who is perhaps a descendant of the very Catholics on whom the Protector laid his hand of iron (p. 64):

CROMWELL.

Now, on his last of ways,
The great September star,
That crowned him on the days
Of Worcester and Dunbar,
Shines through the menacing night afar.

This day, his England knows
Freedom and fear in one;
She holds her breath, while goes
Her mighty mastering son:
His sceptre-sword its work hath done.

O, crowning mercy, Death!
Peace to the stormy heart,
Peace to the passionate breath,
And awful eyes: their part
Is done, for thou their victor art!

Yet, is it peace with him?
Answer, O Drogheda's dead!
O ghosts beside the dim
Waters and shadows dread!
What of his coming shall be said?

. . . . . .

Maintains he in Death's land
The quarrel of the Lord,
As when from his live hand
Leaped lightnings of the sword?
Is Come, good servant! his reward?

Hath the word come, Well done!
Or the pure word of doom,
Sending him from the sun
To walk in bitter gloom,
With the lost angels of the tomb?

Prince of the iron rod
And war's imperious mail,
Did he indeed for God
Fight ever, and prevail,
Bidding the Lord of Hosts, *All Hail!*

Or was it ardent lust
Of majesty and might,
That stung and fired and thrust
His soul into the fight:
Mystic desire and fierce delight?

Nay, peace for ever more!
O martyred souls! He comes,
Your conquered conqueror:
No tramplings now, nor drums,
Are his who wrought your martyrdoms.

Tragic, triumphant form,
He comes to your dim ways,
Comes upon wings of storm:
Greet him, with pardoning praise,
With marvelling awe, with equal gaze!

It is pleasant to notice among the numerous friends to whom Mr. Johnson inscribes poems, the well-known name of the one American representative of the "Celtic renascence," Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. The poem which bears her name is (p. 77) "De Profundis." Mr. Johnson's wild and haunting poem, "To Morfydd," has found a place in the poetic encyclopædia, and he now adds this to it (p. 43):

TO MORFYDD DEAD.

Morfydd at midnight
Met the Nameless Ones:
Now she wanders on the winds,
White and lone.
I would give the light
Of eternal suns,
To be with her on the winds,
No more lone!

Oh, wild sea of air!
Oh, night's vast sweet noon!
We would wander through the night,
Star and star.
Nay! but she, most fair!
Sun to me and moon:
I the vassal of her flight,
Far and far.

Morfydd at midnight
Met the Nameless Ones:
Now she wanders on the winds,
White and lone.
Take from me the light,
God! of all thy suns:
Give me her, who on the winds
Wanders lone!

'Poems,' by Charles Rosher (London: Haas), has illustrations so weird and so unnecessarily repulsive that there is relief even in the placidity, amounting almost to tameness, which marks the poems; and it is perhaps only in this verse taken from a poem, "To a Star," that we find a freak of words which matches the pictures (p. 9):

"Then, too, I live in the Bornless Beyond,
Most belov'd star! Free from Form, Space, and Time;
Feel thy Light's flowing waves subtle and fond
Thrill through my soul in a life-living rhyme,
Star of all stars in the Bornless Beyond!"

A new edition of 'Gray's Poems,' edited by D. C. Tovey, M.A., Clark Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge (England), is doubtless by far the best collected edition of Gray yet printed, and contrasts curiously with the carelessness and inaccuracy of the "Pickering" edition, so long in favor. It goes over the same ground traversed by Dr. Rolfe, but extends this to the whole body of poems; and it is a little curious that Mr. Tovey seems quite ignorant of the minute and careful labors of Dr. Rolfe, though he recognizes in his notes the work done by Prof. Kittredge. His final readings agree curiously with those of Rolfe, but he comes nearer to a *verbatim et literatim* transcript of the original text. We say nearer, for neither of them actually accomplishes a reproduction. Rolfe makes no attempt at it, so far as spelling and capitalization go; that is, he substitutes *moping* for *mopeing*, and *tower* for *tow'r*, while he leaves unchanged *th' inevitable hour*, although there seems no reason why that too should not be modified. In all these things Mr. Tovey follows closely the original (duly spelling *cheerful chearful* and *aisle isle*); yet he adopts the capitalization not of Gray's own manuscript, but of the early editions, which are much less consistent. Thus, in Gray's manuscript we find

"The Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd wind slowly o'er the Lea;
The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness and to me."

This was the fashion of the time—to capitalize every noun substantive, as is still done in German, but the practice was already yielding, and the second edition of Gray (Mason's, in 1775) capitalized only the Curfew in this verse, and the capitals were thereafter sprinkled in with much discrimination, as in Mr. Tovey's reproduction. The point where he and Dr. Rolfe both depart from the manuscripts and the early printed texts is in dividing the poem into four-line verses, whereas it was originally printed continuously.

It was Miss Mitford who was responsible for the descriptive phrase, employed fifty years ago, "He translated Horace, as all gentlemen do." The description would almost seem transferable to the present day, but with Goethe substituted for Horace. The "Faust" especially has been the subject of innumerable successive attempts, none of them quite so satisfying, after all, as the unpretending prose version of Hayward. The latest arrival is 'The First Part of the Tragedy of Faust in English,' by Thomas E. Webb, LL.D., formerly Regius Professor of Laws in the University of Dublin. This is the second edition (Longmans), and now includes the closing scene of the Death of Faust from the second part of the poem. This last selection at first surprises the reader, and seems rather like an evasion of the task of giving the whole second part in English, as has been done by Sir Theodore Martin or Bayard Taylor. A little reflection, however, shows the plan to be a good one, for there is nothing finer in either part than the bold Goethean conception of allowing his hero to live to be a hundred years old and blind, yet still happy, consecrating himself more and more to public service, and then

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dying painlessly at last in the very midst of a vast project for the benefit of millions of men. In the words of Dr. Webb's translation (p. 208):

"Such stir of life could I behold, and stand
Midst a free people on their own free land,
Then to the moment I might say,
O tarry yet! Thou art so fair!
My work on earth, when eons pass away,
Will still have left its traces there!
The very foretaste of a joy like this
Supplies the moment of the highest bliss."

He sinks back and dies, and the thwarted Mephistopheles says:

"Time masters him who could my power withstand;
There lies the old man, stretched upon the sand!
The clock hath stopped!"

This part of the translation is better and more vigorous than that of Martin or Taylor; but in his notes and comments Dr. Webb is a little of a doctrinaire, and rather comforts himself with the thought that his views "may be singular, but they have one recommendation—they remove all the objections that have been advanced against Goethe by his critics." As one of his theories consists of the assertion that the celebrated cry of the angel above the dying Gretchen, *Sie ist gerettet!* (She is saved) does not refer, as has been supposed, to the salvation of her soul, but only to the much more trivial matter of escaping a public execution, it may be justly inferred that Dr. Webb's point of view does not err in the direction of the ideal.

STONEWALL JACKSON.—I.

Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War. By Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. Henderson, Professor of Military Art and History in the Staff College (England), author of 'The Battle of Spicheren' and 'The Campaign of Fredericksburg.' With portraits, maps, and plans. In two vols., 8vo, pp. 550, 641. Longmans, Green & Co. 1898.

The fame of Thomas J. Jackson as a soldier is already a matter of pride to Americans who were ready to give their lives to uphold the Union which he sought to destroy. We are rapidly learning to recognize the issues of the civil war, momentous and terrible as they were, as being yet political in such a sense that partisanship in them might be consistent with personal worth and high ideals of duty. Northern men do not abate a jot of their conviction that the life of the nation was at stake, and that, as the system of slavery was the cause of the rebellion, it was an implied doctrine of our Constitution that, war being waged against the Union in behalf of that system, it was within the war powers of the Government and was its duty to impose the abolition of slavery upon the defeated party to the struggle as the condition of peace.

The general acquiescence of Southern men in this result has made it easy, within a single generation, to renew a feeling of patriotic attachment to our whole country, and to witness the extraordinary spectacle of harmonious comradeship in a foreign war among men who distinguished themselves on opposite sides of the great conflict over the existence of the nation itself. It is possible for us now to separate the discussion of the history of the civil war from questions of personal character and motive; to cease insisting upon the guilt or innocence of personal conduct, and to treat both persons and events with the calm temper appropriate to historical studies. This does not mean that we are or can yet be quite impartial. The roots of great emotions and sympathies are twined about our heart-strings, and our voices would sound hollow if we were to proclaim

"Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur."

When we have done our best to cultivate candor, we shall still find the debate often turning upon facts that cannot be completely verified, and it is not in human nature to solve such doubts against our friends. Each disputant will, rather, claim whatever the other cannot clearly establish, and in conflict of testimony will prefer the witnesses on his own side. We soon learn that we must expect such color to be given, both to narrative and to judgments, by those who, in becoming biographers, become, in spite of themselves, the eulogists of a leader and the advocates of a cause.

When it was announced that Col. Henderson of the British Staff College had written the Life of Jackson, we knew that his campaigns would be told in clear, strong, and well-connected narrative; but would it be the judicial work of one who stood aloof from prejudice and predilection, and would judge his hero and the cause he stood for in the dry light of historic truth and military principles?

Turning the pages of the book to learn the author's standpoint, we see an early chapter devoted to the causes of the war. In it we find no mention made of the repeal of the Missouri compromise dedicating the territory of the United States north of 36° 30′ to freedom, nor of the Dred Scott decision, which declared unconstitutional every territorial restriction upon the spread of slavery, though such restrictions had been coincident with the formation of the government. These sweeping aggressions of the slave power, which caused the organization of the Republican party and gave to Mr. Lincoln his election, are not even remembered in the history of secession. The anti-slavery agitation and the Southern belief in the doctrine of State-rights are supposed to have been the grounds of the rebellion, though there was no political or purely moral organization in the country which sought to attack slavery within the States, and both the Republican party and the abolitionists expressly disclaimed any such constitutional right. The action of Virginia in seceding the author finds to be "not only fully justified, but beyond suspicion," and he declares that "not till her liberties were menaced did she repudiate a contract [*i. e.*, the Union] which had become intolerable."

Colonel Henderson credits the North with acting upon honest convictions under a different interpretation of the Constitution, but he leaves no doubt as to his personal accord with the principles and the action of Jackson when he upheld the ordinance of secession and offered his sword to defend it. When, in the course of the narrative, he reaches Lincoln's famous emancipation proclamation, he characterizes it as a deliberate violation of the Constitution, thus ignoring all principles of international law relating to flagrant war, and assuming that the institution, to sustain and extend which the war was made, continued to be protected in the belligerent States while their armies were in the field to overturn the whole Constitution, and to break their connection with the nation which it organized. He ignores also the conditions which the proclamation contained, giving three months' opportunity to abandon the rebellion and resume the rights which the Constitution assured in a state of peace, and limiting its operation to the States and parts of States which, after such warning, should persist in war. No Southern writer has gone further, and we have to accept the fact that the book is written from the Confederate standpoint in doctrine and in sympathy.

The distinctive marks of partisanship in Confederate histories of the civil war, which are rarely absent, may be stated in brief to be: (1.) That general partiality already mentioned, which makes a writer apologetic or eulogistic as to his friends, and more or less unfair to his opponents. This, of course, may be seen in varying degrees in writers on both sides. (2.) The specific misuse of the numerical statistics of armies, and the unwillingness to apply the official returns as tests of battle strength in the same manner on both sides. This has made the question of "effectives" in the opposing armies the *pons asinorum* of Confederate mathematics, which few get beyond. (3.) A reflex friendliness toward McClellan as a Presidential candidate (against Lincoln) upon whose election vague hopes were based. The discussion of his military career and of his removal from command is evidently, often amusingly, different in tone from that used toward any other army commander on the national side. (4.) An exaggerated dislike for those who succeeded McClellan or were supposed to be his rivals, or representatives of the opposition to him. As part of a similar prejudice is the disproportioned severity of criticism of those who were supposed to be in the same earnest accord with Mr. Lincoln that Jackson was with Mr. Davis. (5.) A hostility to Longstreet after his early acceptance of the political results of the war, which has been followed by so marked a current of military detraction as to imply doubts of the judgment of Lee, who continued to the end his trust in and reliance upon his lieutenant.

Col. Henderson shows a bias in each of these respects, though in a less degree than many who have preceded him; and the kindly frankness with which he apologizes to any whose susceptibilities he may wound, partly disarms criticism. He recognizes the authority of the numerical returns in the Adjutant-General's department, which many Southern writers entirely ignore, but has not quite rid himself of fallacious arguments as to results. For instance, at the opening of the campaign of South Mountain and Antietam, he tells us that the strength of Lee's army was "65,000 effectives," not making deduction for straggling; but we are not able to find that he anywhere has informed his readers that this means nearly 73,000 "present for duty," as the returns of McClellan's army were made up, and must be so counted in a fair comparison of the opposing forces. In a footnote to page 252 (vol. ii.), he states that his estimate is made by taking Lee's returns for the 20th of July, adding Jackson's and Ewell's divisions which were not included, and deducting 10,000, his estimate of the Confederate casualties in the campaign against Pope. This gives us easy means of verifying the figures. Lee's return of officers and men "present for duty" was 69,732 (O. R. xi, pt. 3, p. 645). Jackson's command (his own and Ewell's divisions) consisted of 36 regiments and 4 batteries

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of artillery (id., p. 648). The average strength of the regiments in Lee's army was a little over 350, and of the batteries 75, by that return, and Jackson's force was therefore 12,900. This, added to the 69,732, gives a total of 82,632 "present for duty," and the deduction of the 10,000 casualties still leaves 72,632. It has often been shown that the officers and non-commissioned staff, etc., deducted from the "present for duty" to make the Confederate "effectives," was from a tenth to an eighth of the whole. The smaller fraction would give 7,263, and subtracting it we have 65,369 "effectives" which closely agrees with our author's estimate. As the undiminished "present for duty" is the smallest number ever attributed to a Northern army, complete candor would have required that Lee's forces at the crossing of the Potomac should have been stated in round numbers at 73,000.

Col. Henderson has not been able to resist the Confederate example of making still further large reductions for "straggling." He says "so great had been the straggling" that "Lee at most could count on no more than 45,000 men to receive the attack of over 90,000." Two reflections will at once suggest themselves to a reader at all familiar with the subject: First, why is not a proportional reduction made from McClellan's 90,000 "present for duty" to match the subtraction of 28,000 from Lee's? and second, is it good military criticism to state the strength of an army on either side of a campaign with deductions for the number of stragglers who have become such since the campaign opened?

We should be glad, if truth would permit, to claim for the national forces the perfection of discipline which would bring the whole of McClellan's army upon the field without a straggler, as our author's figures do. But truth will not permit it. Nor will Col. Henderson when the subject is directly under discussion. On pages 338, 339 (vol. ii.), he has collected some of the evidence on the subject, and concludes that "thousands and tens of thousands, Federals as well as Confederates, were absent from their commands" as stragglers. Comparing the straggling in the opposing armies, he says, "The Confederates had almost as much reason to complain" as the Federals. If, then, straggling was at least as bad in McClellan's army as in Lee's, when our author reduces Lee's from 73,000 to 45,000, the same ratio of computation would reduce McClellan's from 90,000 to 55,000. We search his book in vain to learn why this was not done. We do not believe the straggling was anything like so great in either army as the author thinks, but we insist upon equal treatment.

Our own judgment is that, in sound military criticism, stragglers cannot be considered at all for the purpose of taking off the shoulders of a commander the responsibility for accomplishing all that could be demanded of him with his whole force. The vice is a gross breach of discipline, and discipline will cure it. The permission of it is a fault in commanders of all grades from the head downward. Col. Henderson quotes Gen. Richard Taylor's assertion that he had no stragglers in his brigade when he reported to Jackson in the Valley campaign, and that the latter wished Taylor would teach the other brigades a like discipline. There were brigades in McClellan's army that marched all day along a road lined with stragglers of other commands, and at a roll-call on camping at night had none. Straggling, therefore, is a fault chargeable to commanding officers, and they may as well plead their faults of strategy or of tactics to excuse a disaster as to plead that their men straggled.

But Colonel Henderson has not properly discriminated, in his treatment of the subject, between stragglers and absentees. He quotes from a letter of Gen. McClellan to the War Department in which the General speaks of a corps which reported 15,000 absentees. He could have named similar cases in Lee's army. These absentees were of two classes—"with leave" and "without leave." The former included sick men on furlough or leave, sick men in hospitals at the rear, men detached and doing service at the departments in Washington or at hospitals or posts in the rear, etc. The absentees without leave were chiefly men who, having been furloughed for any cause, or having been discharged from hospitals, did not join their colors. In the letter mentioned, Gen. McClellan referred to these, saying that only a small proportion of such men rejoined; in some regiments only 4 or 5 per cent. The actual deserters were in the same class of "absentees without leave," but they were comparatively few.

The "stragglers" of whom we are talking are men who are borne on the rolls both of McClellan and of Lee as "present for duty," meaning chiefly those who lag behind in a march, but are believed by their officers to be near at hand and intending to do their duty and to catch up with the command to which they belong. They are within the theatre of active operations of the army, and presumably within reach of the provost-marshal. When a man's absence was so prolonged as to show an intention to stay away, it was his officers' duty to report him among the "absentees without leave." It cannot be too clearly understood that we are not discussing the case of men reported absent from either army, but only that of men who are reported present. Both generals asked their governments to provide means for arresting and bringing back the absentees without leave, and stringent legislation was passed; but both generals knew that they were themselves responsible for the stragglers within reach of their provost-marshals, and who were carried on their rolls as present. There can, moreover, be no dispute among fair-minded men that whatever be the mode of reporting the strength of contending armies, the historian must apply the same rule of computation to both. The absentees without leave were a cumulating class, increasing in number as the war went on. The stragglers decreased as discipline improved.

It is impossible to follow Col. Henderson into all the arguments and statements in which we think his predilections warp his judgment, but we must touch upon one which directly affects the relation of the army to the Government in both Great Britain and the United States. A favorite topic with him is the meddling, as he regards it, of the two Presidents, South and North, with military affairs. As between Lincoln and Davis, he is at least impartial in treating both as marplots who injured their own cause, and his theory is embodied in the proposition (vol. i., p. 254) that the complete control of military operations and the military resources of the country should have been put, unreservedly, into the hands of one general on each side. This proposition should be examined with some care.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The attempt to galvanize history into a semblance of life so rarely succeeds that no one need feel surprised at its failure in 'A Little Girl of Old Boston,' by Amanda M. Douglas (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Throughout, the past and the present are hopelessly confused. People at the end of the last century glibly use to-day's or yesterday's slang, and seem to feel no shame at the anachronism. The story, being in not the least hurry to get on, is always willing to wait while tedious descriptions of present conditions elbow their way in, prefaced by some remark about what was to be a century later, and the result is very dreary without even the poor relief of being improving.

An agreeable contrast is 'The Story of Little Jane and Me,' by M. E. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a reminiscence of childhood in New York in that dim antiquity which was, after all, only fifty years ago. An exact and vigorous touch has brought out vividly the home life of that period, and one closes the book with the same affectionate interest in the two little girls which their charming portrait as frontispiece awakens on opening it.

The reader is moved to wonder what is signified by the title of Walter Douglas Campbell's book of stories (New York: R. H. Russell). That the tales are 'Beyond the Border' of truth is too obvious. Beyond the border of probability or possibility they surely are, dealing as they do with trolls, witches, giants, and all fabulous monsters of iniquity. Can the author have been shrewd enough to guess that they would also prove to be beyond the border of a rational child's endurance, for their utter silliness? The witch on the cover, with her cauldron and frogs, is quite the best part of the book. To open it is only going further to fare worse.

If the stepmother theme be conceded a desirable one for children to dwell upon, it is in the interest of truth and justice to present occasionally, as a corrective to the more common idea, a picture of the kind and conscientious stepmother, able by sheer goodness to overcome prejudice. This Julia Magruder has done in her 'Labor of Love' (Lothrop). Still, even in this case one cannot suppress an instinct of sympathy with the idealistic child who "remembered mamma perfectly," and to whom the thought that "dear papa" seemed to have forgotten her, though she had "idolized him" such a short time before, was nothing less than a real and bitter grief. We must admit that to some tales the hackneyed end of "living happily ever after" seems unfitting and even immoral. The other half of love's labor here concerned is the reclaiming of a wayward boy whose good instincts, though deeply buried, were at last brought to the surface and allowed to guide him to right action in response to the unfailing love and trust of his foster-parents.

'Tony Drum,' by Edwin Pugh (Henry Holt & Co.), may be at once classed among those books about children which are, or ought to be, read only by grown people. It is as distinctly one of them as 'Sentimental Tommy,' which in some ways it recalls, though its sordid tragedy is infinitely less relieved by comic incident. It abounds in aphoristic philosophy, and though some of the wise say-

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ings come from the mouths of babes they are not addressed to them: "It is wiser to be a happy fool than an unhappy sage"; "I suppose as you grow up you change and get silly"; "What a man chiefly wants is protection from himself." These maxims, however true, do not meet the wants of childhood. The illustrations, by William Nicholson, in his characteristic style, also make their appeal rather to the grown person's appreciation of clever technique than to the child's love of prettiness.

This childish taste will find gratification in a large and sumptuous 'Baby's Record' by Maud Humphrey (Frederick A. Stokes Co.). For the record is not, as the uninitiated might expect, a blank book, but has a round dozen gayly colored pictures of babies, and other decorations besides, though ample space is left among them for the records of those earliest years which are most fortunate when least eventful.

A frugal impulse to make the most of a good thing prompts the same publishers to print the twelve large color illustrations with an accompaniment of prose and verse by Elizabeth S. Tucker, and new designs and border decorations, under the title of 'The Littlest Ones.'

Petrarch, the First Modern Scholar and Man of Letters. By James Harvey Robinson and Henry Winchester Rolfe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898.

A work on Petrarch by a professor of history and an ex-professor of Latin arouses the expectation of something a little out of the common, and the volume before us amply fulfils the promise of its title-page. In the first place, its outward appearance offers an agreeable contrast to that of most literary treatises. A tasteful cover, adorned with a dainty sketch of Vaucluse from Petrarch's own hand, encloses over four hundred beautifully printed pages of reading matter, a reproduction of the most trustworthy portrait of the poet, a facsimile of his handwriting, and a good index. In substance the book differs no less widely from the ordinary study of a man of letters. Its purpose, we are told, "is essentially historical. . . . It views Petrarch, not as a poet, nor even, primarily, as a many-sided man of genius, but as the mirror of his age—a mirror in which are reflected all the momentous contrasts between waning mediævalism and the dawning Renaissance."

This view of Petrarch is presented to us chiefly through the medium of his correspondence: a little less than three-fifths of the volume is made up of varied selections from his letters, while the rest consists of introduction and comment by the editors. The epistolary portions are drawn both from the easily accessible 'De Rebus Familiaribus' and from the comparatively unutilized 'De Rebus Senilibus.' They appear here, not in the original Latin, but in a clear, flowing, and sufficiently idiomatic English version, which accurately reproduces the author's thought, and often pleasantly suggests his phraseology. For the commentary the editors acknowledge indebtedness to Körting, Fracassetti, Voigt, and Nolhac, but their own contribution is very considerable. Petrarch's life, views, and character, his friends, and the political and literary conditions of his day are so vividly set before us, and the letters and the explanations are so skilfully fitted together, that the work forms a complete, homogeneous, and lifelike picture of the poet and his times. A student already familiar with the *trecento* would, perhaps, have preferred less introduction and more Petrarch; but the general reader, for whom the book is doubtless primarily intended, could hardly dispense with any of the guidance offered, and the editors' work has been done so well and with such evident love that it would seem ungracious to complain of its quantity.

The Petrarch who is here portrayed is above all the scholar, the founder of classical learning, the father of the Renaissance; in his life and thought verse-making occupied a very subordinate place, and even public service was of less importance than the pursuit of knowledge. Industry, seriousness, decorousness, intellectual independence, patriotism are some of his conspicuous traits; his chief fault—a natural one for a man of his talents and fortune—is vanity, which shows all the clearer through his labored expressions of humility; but the most interesting feature of his complex nature, from the psychological standpoint, is, no doubt, the unceasing struggle in his heart between mediæval asceticism and the pagan joy in life and love of beauty.

Unfortunately for Petrarch, he did not discover Cicero's letters until comparatively late in life, and his own epistolary style is founded rather on the orator's more formal works; though in the main clear, forcible, and elegant, it is too rhetorical and too general to satisfy the modern reader. A good story is often spoiled by lack of specific details; for instance, the anecdote of the great poet's visit to the literary goldsmith, which in the hands of Boccaccio would have been bubbling with humor and aglow with local color, falls flat as told by Petrarch. Only occasionally does he vouchsafe to give us a bit of real life. One of the most charming passages in the volume is the account of the old grammarian who could not endure any criticism of Cicero:

"He would stretch out his hand and say imploringly, 'Gently, I beg of you; gently with my Cicero.' And when we asked him if he found it impossible to believe that Cicero made mistakes, he would close his eyes and turn his face away, and exclaim with a groan, as if he had been smitten, 'Alas! alas! Is my beloved Cicero accused of doing wrong?'"

Highly amusing, too, is the narrative of Petrarch's angry discussion with a mocking heretic and disciple of Averroism—a philosophy which, be it said parenthetically, played the same part in the fashionable society of the fourteenth century that Buddhism plays in ours. The interview ended disastrously for the advocate of Moorish doctrines. The indignant poet "plucked him by the gown, and, with a want of ceremony less consonant with my habits than his own, hustled him out of the house."

The far-reaching consequences of Petrarch's ignorance of Greek are justly estimated by the editors. The following passage may be of interest, not only to students of the Renaissance, but to the uncompromising Latinists who determine our school programmes and college admission requirements:

"It is a sad pity that he was so handicapped, for if the first Humanist had known and appreciated Homer and Plato and Sophocles, as he did Cicero and Virgil and Seneca and Livy, all our modern culture would be something far finer. We should be simpler and clearer in our conceptions, and better developed æsthetically. If Hellenic influences have never played their due part in our education, if the proportion between the Greek and the Roman elements has been unnatural, this is owing mainly to the insufficient opportunities of Petrarch and his earliest disciples."

The Story of Marco Polo. By Noah Brooks. The Century Co. 1898.

This is substantially an abridgment, to perhaps 100,000 words, of Yule's 'Marco Polo.' It is, by a necessary consequence, highly entertaining to grown persons and to the young. Nevertheless, we cannot altogether approve of the manner in which it has been executed. Col. Yule's notes, although written in a popular way, are addressed to persons interested in geography and not ignorant of it. But the present volume, which does not contain a single map, nor any recommendation to consult one, is to go into the hands of persons to whom the location of the countries is not clearly known, and who have hardly heard of the most celebrated cities mentioned. Now the book of Marco Polo, if it is so read as to lend an interest to a study of historical geography, will afford a delight that nothing exhausts but the work's coming to an end; but if it is read without any definite ideas about the relative situation of the countries, the whole narrative produces a confused effect like the hum of many voices; the marvels overheat the air for one another, until the book is laid down as tiresome.

More information ought to have been given about the countries mentioned, and especially about the cities, as well as about many other matters. For example, the reader is throughout wearied with remarks about spelling, like this: "He also calls him Cublay at times, but most scholars give the name as Kublai." Now, since Marco tells us that he had in his early years in China to learn four different kinds of writing, why would it not have been well to anticipate the mention of this, and explain near the beginning of the volume that none of those modes of writing had any connection with our alphabet, that they were none of them alphabetical at all, but partly composed of ideographs and partly of syllabic signs, like all the most ancient writing? The obvious fact might then be pointed out that "Cublay" was one of Rusticiano's ways of representing the name he heard Polo pronounce; while "Kublai" is the spelling now generally used to represent what appears to be the same sound. When Rusticiano and Polo between them distort the name of a place, or use some other name, Mr. Brooks almost invariably remarks that it is "the modern" so and so, no matter how old the name may really be. Thus, we are told that "the Bastra of Marco Polo is the modern Basra"—the town which in our childhood's 'Arabian Nights' figured as Bassorah, which we accented on the penult. But there never was a *t* in the name of this town; Bastra is simply a forgetfulness of Polo, or a mishearing or euphonic change of Rusticiano—probably the last.

In these and other places, Mr. Brooks seems perfectly indifferent to imparting correct information. Of course, the limitation of the text of Col. Yule—who never sufficiently reflected that the narration of journeys had long been diligently studied as an art by Polo, as he himself gives us to understand, and that he could tell his story in different spirits to suit the tastes of different scribes—remains as a fault of the present volume.

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Nine Years at the Gold Coast. By the Rev. Dennis Kemp. Macmillan. 1898. Map, illustrations. Pp. xv, 279. 8vo.

Our author shows us the work of a Wesleyan missionary among the natives of West Africa. In a somewhat rambling and disconnected narrative of his experiences are to be found many interesting and suggestive observations on the country and the people, their customs and superstitions, and their mental and moral development through industrial education and religious instruction. Mr. Kemp is hopeful of the future of the negro, and with reason, judging from the evidences which he gives of his capacity as minister, teacher, translator, cultivator of the ground, and skilled artisan. "The most remunerative" gold-mine, for instance, in the colony "at the present time is that which is managed by a native." This last fact has great possibilities in it, even if the opinion of the "miner with considerable experience in South Africa," quoted by the author, that there were "twenty Johannesburgs at the Gold Coast," were only half true. Mr. Kemp shows unusual liberality and broadmindedness in his treatment of the vexed questions of polygamy and the liquor trade. In regard to the latter he is "thankful to be able to say" that "the drink traffic does not tend to poverty, . . . does not bring in its train untold social misery, . . . does not tend to the perpetration of crime." Nevertheless, he would prohibit it if it were in his power, "because the native who abstains is infinitely superior to the man who indulges." Considering the prevailing impression regarding the habits of the West Coast negroes in this respect, it is somewhat startling to find a native in a temperance meeting exhorting his hearers to fight the demon of strong drink; "for," said he, "unless we do put forth our best efforts in this direction, there is a danger of becoming as drunken as the people of England." Many useful hints are given as to the preservation of health and the treatment of malarial fever. The fever will prevail, in Mr. Kemp's opinion, until cultivation has cleared the land of the "bush."

One of his last chapters is descriptive of a journey to Kumasi after its capture, to reëstablish a mission station, and he says that the scenes which he witnessed impressed him with the fact "that the expedition was a most righteous one." Outspoken in his opinions and decided in his convictions, he was evidently on the best of terms with his fellow-workers of other churches, including the Roman Catholic. For this he was no doubt indebted to a genial Christianity and a fund of humor to which his book bears not infrequent witness. The illustrations, especially of the fetishes and specimens of native jewelry, are very interesting.

A Primer of Heraldry for Americans. By Edward S. Holden, LL.D. The Century Co. 1898. 16mo, plates.

We regret to say that this Primer is a credit neither to the compiler nor to the publishers. That it is said to be prepared "for Americans," is distinctly uncomplimentary to our fellow-citizens, as the book would not be welcomed in Great Britain, and as the examples selected have nothing to do with America. As the principles and terms of English heraldry are now fixed and immutable, no elementary treatise can contain any novelty except in the matter of arrangement or illustration. There are now many such works in print, of various degrees of excellence, suited to the purse of every student. This Primer is far below the average of even the least pretentious of recent issues. The arrangement of subjects is imperfect, the cuts are faint and ragged, and the heavy-faced type on the small page is trying to the eyes and temper.

Apparently a bid is made for local support by calling the book one for Americans. Of course, there is no such thing as American heraldry, the coats-of-arms rightfully used here being of British origin, though doubtless in the future many bearers of Continental shields will be numbered among our citizens. The only contributions to the history of colonial coats-of-arms still remain those of the *Heraldic Journal* and 'Elements of Heraldry,' both printed in Boston some twenty years ago.

We cannot forbear protesting here against Mr. Holden's only original suggestion. On p. 12 he states that "in England, France, Germany, Austria, and in the United States, there is no legal obstacle to the assumption of armorial bearings by any individual or corporation. Any individual has the right to assume and to bear a coat-of-arms." Here the whole gist of the suggestion lies in the words "no legal obstacle." It is true that in England the powers of the Earl Marshal, who is the head of Heralds' College, have fallen into disuse, but that does not alter the fact that these "assumptions" of arms, *proprio motu*, are regarded there as evidence of snobbery. It is like the assumption of false titles in the republic of France, an offence against social etiquette for which the law provides no penalty. So long as the fact remains that titular honors, including coat-armor, are granted solely by sovereign states, all self-assumed decorations are spurious, fraudulent, and ridiculous. Mr. Holden seriously misleads his readers in making such assertions.

It is not to be questioned that Congress might sanction a system of coats-of-arms which would be entitled to respect and recognition abroad as well as at home, but the time for it has not come. Heraldic forms are so admirably adapted for decorations and for seals, that it is a pity that this use cannot be naturalized here. As the matter now stands, the study of heraldry in this country is purely in the line of foreign examples, mainly historical; and to pursue it intelligently, one must use the standard text-books of the country under consideration.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Isabella M. The Prince of Peace. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.
Alicia. A Tale of the American Navy. Bonnell, Silver & Co. $1.50.
Allen, J. L. The Choir Invisible. Illustrated. Macmillan. $2.50.
Altsheler, Joseph. The Hidden Mine. Continental Publishing Co. $1.
American Revised Version of the Bible. With References. Oxford University Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Aphorisms of Landor. F. A. Stokes Co. 75c.
A Prisoner of France. The Memoirs, Diary and Correspondence of Capt. Charles Boothby. Macmillan. $2.
Austen, Jane. Emma. Illustrated. London: George Allen; New York: F. A. Stokes Co. 2.
Austin, Alfred. Lamia's Winter-Quarters. Macmillan. $2.50.
Babcock, W. A. Clan of the Chariots. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.
Barnes, James. The Hero of Erie. Appletons. $1.
Beddard, F. E. The Structure and Classification of Birds. Longmans, Green & Co. $6.
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Butterworth, Hezekiah. Lost in Nicaragua. Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co. $1.50.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. South America. A Popular Illustrated History of the Struggle for Liberty in the Andean Republics and Cuba. Doubleday & McClure Co. $2.
Card, Prof. F. W. Bush-Fruits. Macmillan. $1.50.
Carey, Rosa N. Mollie's Prince. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Catlin, Louise E. Marjory and Her Neighbors. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Chambers, R. W. Ashes of Empire. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.
Channing, Prof. Edward. A Student's History of the United States. New ed. Macmillan. $1.40.
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Church, Rev. A. J. Heroes of Chivalry and Romance. Macmillan. $1.25.
Conant, Thomas. Upper Canada Sketches. Toronto: William Briggs.
Cooper, J. F. The Last of the Mohicans. 2 vols. Macmillan. $3.
Crowninshield, Mrs. Schuyler. Latitude 19°. A Romance of the West Indies. Appletons. $1.50.
Dana, C. A. Recollections of the Civil War. Appletons. $2.
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Ellis, W. A. Norwich University, her History, her Graduates, her Roll of Honor. Concord, N. H.: Rumford Press.
Farrar, Rev. F. W. The Cathedrals of England. 2 vols. Whittaker. $5.
Faye, Eugène de. Clément d'Alexandrie. Etude sur les Rapports du Christianisme et de la Philosophie Grecque au IIe Siècle. Paris: Leroux.
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Schweitzer, Georg. Emin Pasha, his Life and Work. 2 vols. London: Constable; New York: Hadley & Mathews.
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Stock, St. George. Hoffmann's Cæsar's De Bello Gallico. Books I.—VII. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Stockton, F. R. The Associate Hermits. Harpers. $1.50.
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The Journal of Pedagogy. Vol. XI. 1898. Syracuse, N. Y.: Journal of Pedagogy.
The Metric System of Weights and Measures. Hartford, Conn.: Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co.
The Story of Cyrano de Bergerac. J. S. Ogilvie Co. 25c.
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